

The TATLER

JUNE 25, 1958

& BYSTANDER — (2/-)





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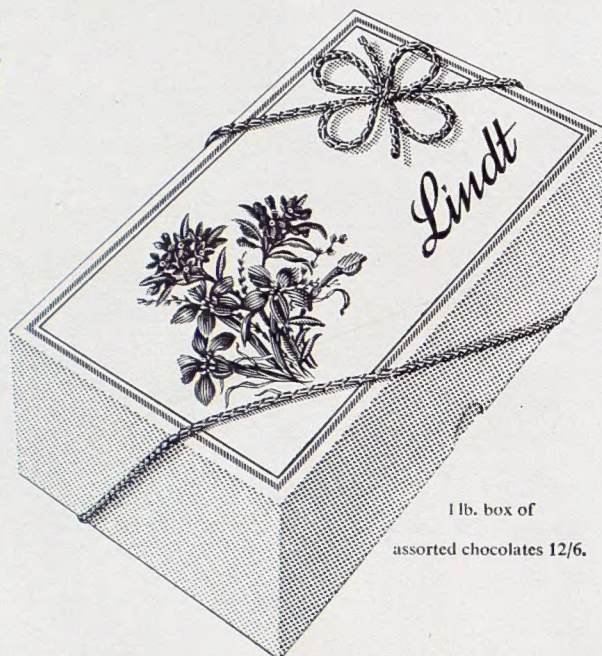
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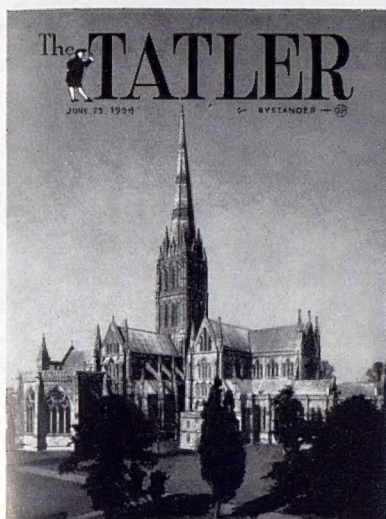
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A queen to stay



THE MOST FAMOUS SPIRE in England reaches into the heavens as though linking the blue sky with the green earth below. Salisbury Cathedral this week commemorates the 700th anniversary of its dedication. But the spire, its most celebrated feature, was an afterthought—as a lively article by Sydney Carter on page 666 describes

D I A R Y of the week

FROM JUNE 26 TO JULY 2

THURSDAY 26 JUNE

Show: National Hunter Show, Shrewsbury.
Exhibition: "Twenty Contemporaries." A collection recalling the association of artists with the Café Royal since 1865. At the Café Royal (until July 19).
Racing: Newbury, Newcastle.

FRIDAY 27 JUNE

Royal Engagement: The Queen and Prince Philip begin a two-day visit to Lincolnshire.
Commem. Ball: Magdalen College, Oxford, Quincentenary Commem. Ball.
Yachting: Royal Ocean Racing Club race, Southsea—Le Havre—Spithead.
Racing: Newcastle, Doncaster.

SATURDAY 28 JUNE

Royal Engagement: The Queen Mother will attend a service at Salisbury Cathedral, Wiltshire, to commemorate the 700th anniversary of its dedication.
Show: Windsor Champion Gundog Show.
Cricket: Yorkshire v. New Zealanders, Sheffield (to July 1). Stonyhurst v. Downside, Hurlingham.
Aviation: Invitation International Air Rally, La Baule (to 30th).
Polo: Semi-finals Benson Cup, and first rounds County Cup, at Cowdray Park.
Yachting: Clyde Week begins (to July 5).
Racing: Newcastle, Doncaster, Alexandra Park, Chepstow.

SUNDAY 29 JUNE

Royal Engagement: The Queen and Prince Philip visit Holy Island, off Northumberland.
Polo: Semi-final, Godley Memorial Cup, Windsor. First rounds Cowdray Park Gold Cup, and Benson Cup semi-final, at Cowdray Park.
Golf: The Formby Hare Open Scratch Amateur Competition, Formby, Lincs.

MONDAY 30 JUNE

Royal Engagement: The Queen & Prince Philip visit Fife.
Golf: British Open Championship, Lytham St. Anne's, Lancs (to July 4).
Racing: Brighton, Wolverhampton.

TUESDAY 1 JULY

Royal Engagement: The Queen & Prince Philip enter into residence at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, and visit Loretto School, Musselburgh.
Agriculture: The Royal Show opens at Bristol (to 4th).
Dinner: Dominion Day dinner of the Canadian Women's Club, at the Savoy.
Racing: Brighton, Wolverhampton.

WEDNESDAY 2 JULY

Royal Engagement: The Queen & Prince Philip visit the Royal Scottish Academy, and Merchant Hall.
Rowing: Henley Royal Regatta opens (to 5th).
Ball: The Tudor Rose Ball, at the Savoy.
Racing: Liverpool, Carlisle, Newmarket.

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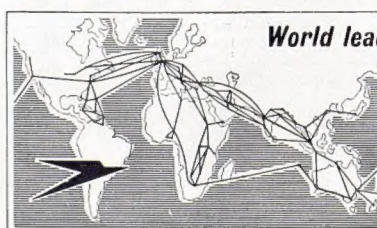
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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXVIII. No. 2972

25 June 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



F. J. Goodman

PERSONALITY

Painting princess

PRINCESS DMITRY KANDAUROW is an artistic rarity—a British-born painter who has succeeded in making an impact in Montmartre itself. Her contemporary style paintings, done under the name Beris, have been bought by the civic authorities in Paris among others, and she has had successful exhibitions in London, Oxford and New Orleans as well.

The niece of Mr. J. B. Lindon, q.c., Princess Kandaourow is married to a former officer of the Russian Imperial Guard. The prince (who is a noted philatelist) and she live in a villa a short walk from the blare and glare of Pigalle. They often entertain artists and critics there.

Princess Kandaourow went to school at Benenden, Kent, and it was there that she had her first artistic success. One of her paintings was entered in a schools' exhibition by the headmistress, Miss Maud White, a relative of Sir Winston Churchill, and he bought the picture. But it was only six years ago that she began to paint seriously. Her flower-pieces have a Chagall-gone-gay air about them, and her Parisian scenes have been said to suggest the influence of the Italian surrealist Chirico.

Painting, however, is not what Princess Kandaourow enjoys most. She prefers to talk about the skill she has acquired in the art of Russian cookery and vodka-making.

The country home of Lord Keyes



The south side of the house (above) has lovely bay windows. In the hall (below) is a Chinese cabinet on an 18th-century carved gilt base. One of the pictures on the wall is a medallion of Admiral Lord Keyes

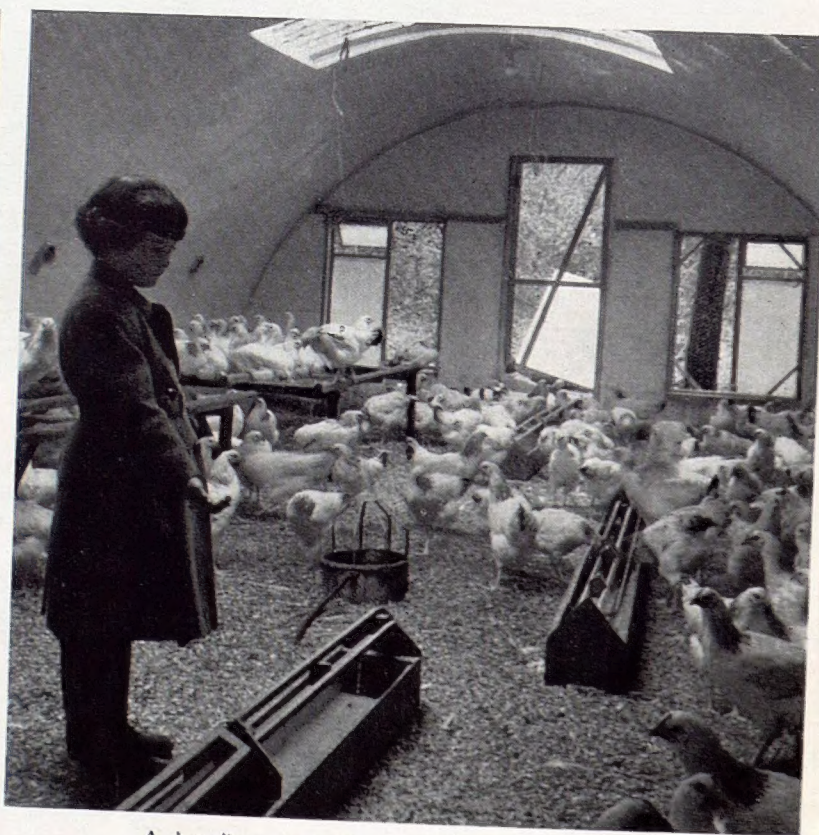
BENENDEN PLACE in Kent is the home of Lord & Lady Keyes and their three children, Virginia (eight), Charles (six and a half), John (two).

Lord Keyes, the second baron, is a director of several companies and chairman of Gordon Hotels. His father was the famous admiral (who commanded operations against Ostend and Zeebrugge in 1918).

Though planned on the lines of a William & Mary period house, Benenden Place was not built until 1911. In the hall (below, left) hang family pictures, including a copy of the de Laszlo portrait of Admiral Keyes.

When Lord Keyes moved to the estate in 1952, the 12 acres of ground were uncultivated. He has now built up a chicken farm of 6,000 hens. He is planting a cherry orchard and will later add apple and pear trees. Despite his City activities, Lord Keyes takes an active part in the work of the farm

Photographs by Betty Swaabe



A deep-litter house (an alternative method to the battery). The child is the Hon. Virginia Keyes



Lord & Lady Keyes with their children, Charles, John and Virginia, in the dining-room. Georgian walls in green and gold-coloured silk curtains contrast with the mahogany doors



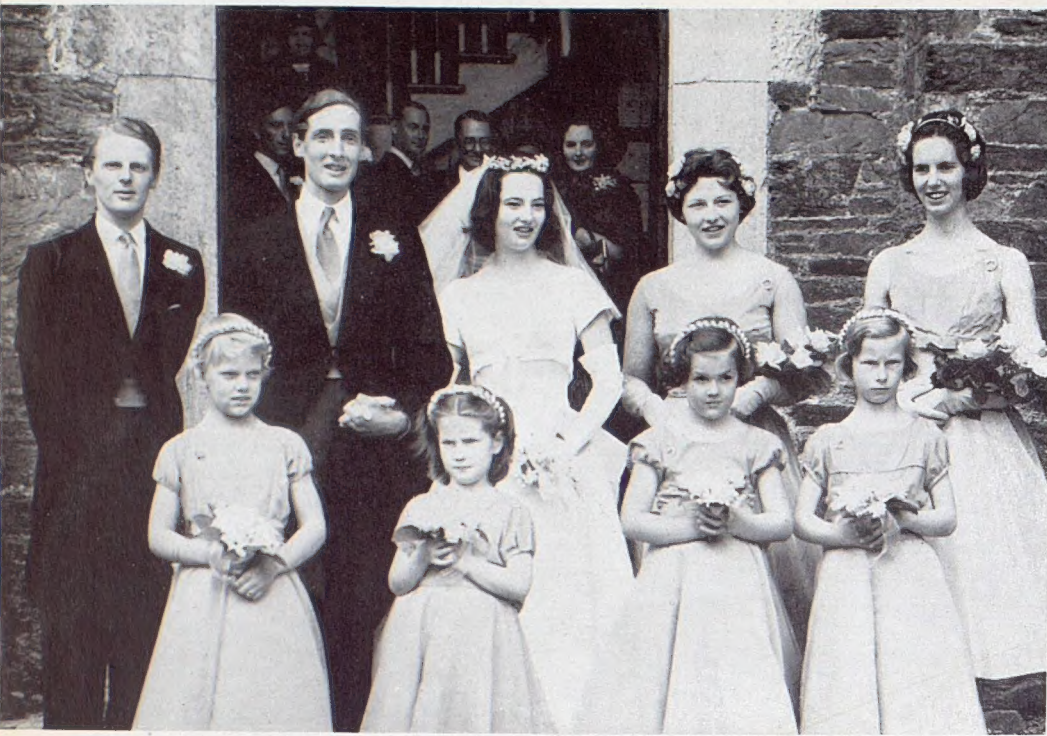
Lord Keyes in the battery house with Mr. Watts, who runs the chicken farm



Packing the eggs. Top production is 200 dozen eggs a day



Lord Keyes drives a tractor himself. He is a practical farmer



Child-Villiers—Green

Miss Celia Green, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Green, Ballygolane, Castlelyons, Co. Cork, married Mr. John Child-Villiers, son of the Hon. Mansel Child-Villiers, and Mrs. Barbara Torrens of Pakenham, Norfolk, at Christ Church, Fermoy, Co. Cork. The best man was Mr. R. Creese-Parsons and the bridesmaids were Miss Karen Koppang, Miss Sally Beazley, Miss Rosalia Blake, Miss Caroline Blake, Miss Patricia Turbett and Lady Isabel Child-Villiers



Caruth—Lumley

Miss Anne Lumley, daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. J. N. Lumley, Leslie House, Kenton, Exeter, married Captain Michael James Caruth, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, elder son of the late Major R. A. Caruth & Mrs. Caruth, Wyke, Gillingham, at Kenton Church



Hall—Lavelle

Miss Rosalind Mary Alice Lavelle, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. F. Lavelle, Green Court, Heads Lane, Hessle, East Yorks, married Mr. George Milton Hall, son of Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Hall, Cottingham, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Hessle



Marsh—Holton

Dr. Barbara Holton, daughter of Mrs. Victoria Goldsworthy and stepdaughter of Sqn.-Ldr. W. A. G. Goldsworthy, Hampstead, married Dr. George Marsh, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Marsh, Dorrington, Shrewsbury, at the Church of St. John, Hampstead. Dr. Marsh was a member of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition

Campbell of Lochnell—Begbie

Miss Rosemary Begbie, daughter of Commander & Mrs. H. H. G. Begbie, Willow Field, Little Sodbury, Glos, married Mr. Alasdair D. Campbell of Lochnell, only son of the late Captain A. Campbell of Lochnell & Mrs. Campbell of Lochnell, Old Dairy House, Horton, Glos, at St. Peter's, Eaton Sq.





I went to the opening day of the annual Richmond Royal Horse Show at Richmond, Surrey. The Duke of Norfolk is president of this three-day show, which had a record number of entries. The Queen made an informal visit on the second day on her way to stay at Windsor Castle. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is a vice-president of the show, came on the first afternoon and was received by the Earl of Westmorland in the absence of the Duke of Norfolk. The Countess of Westmorland was there and other supporters I saw included

RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

Mr. V. H. Morland and Mr. Romer Hatton, who are chairman and vice-chairman of the show, and Mrs. B. E. Litchfield, one of the directors, who has worked indefatigably for the event for a number of years. Sir Nigel Colman, who has done much for harness classes in the British showing world, was present with Lady Colman, and I met Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian who presented one of the cups

for driving classes, Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. Gordon Cox-Cox (he was judging hacks with Mr. Dorian Williams, M.F.H.), Miss Sybil Smith and Lady Violet Vernon, who judged Ladies' Hunters. I watched the judging of a strong small-hunter class, which was won by Miss B. Elphick's nice brown gelding Blue Rain. Then we saw the finals of the hack championship for the Walter Winan's Cup. This went to Miss Vanda Thompson's British Coaster, with Miss P. Lissner's Harmony reserve champion.

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Queen's own race meeting

by JENNIFER

ROYAL ASCOT opened with a rainy day, but happily the rain lifted long enough for the traditional and picturesque Royal procession up the course. The Queen, who led the procession, accompanied by Prince Philip, the Duke of Gloucester and the Master of the Horse (the Duke of Beaufort), wore a charming powder-blue coat, frock and little hat to match. Her open carriage was drawn by the famous Windsor Greys, with outriders and postilions in brilliant livery. Behind came carriages carrying the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and some of the other members of the house party at Windsor Castle. The Queen Mother wore a yellow and white coat and a small white hat, and Princess Margaret was in a peacock-green silk dress with a large Breton hat to match.

The house party at Windsor this year included (besides those already mentioned): the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra of Kent, the Duchess of Beaufort, Sir Eric Miéville, Lt.-Gen. Lord Norrie & Lady Norrie, with other young friends. There were the charming young marrieds, the Earl & Countess of Rocksavage, and Lord & Lady Porchester; also Capt. Thomas Egerton, an old friend of Princess Margaret, and the Marquess

of Hamilton, the Earl of Clarendon and Lord Farnham—all young friends of Princess Alexandra.

Earlier in the day, around breakfast time, the Queen and several members of the house party had been up to the course to watch Her Majesty's horses at morning work.

Ascot is one of the finest racecourses in the world and at the Royal meeting one always sees some of the best bloodstock competing. It was generally thought that the first race of the meeting, the Queen Anne Stakes, would be won by the Irish-trained favourite Tharp, but Teynham (trained at Newmarket by Mr. George Colling) made all the running and defeated him. The Irish setback was short-lived as the next race for the Ascot Gold Vase was won by Even Money, trained in Ireland by Mr. O'Brien but owned by an American, Mr. C. H. Palmer.

Another American owner, Mrs. J. W. Hanes, who has many friends in this country and trains with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, won the valuable Coventry Stakes with her two-year-old Hieroglyph. The rain stopped just before the last race, the St. James's Palace Stakes, which was won in convincing style by Mr. H. J. Joel's brilliant Court Martial colt, Major Portion.

Fashion under the raincoats

It was a disappointing day for fashion, with many dresses covered by raincoats. The Begum Aga Khan (who never disappoints) looked elegant in a white silk ensemble with a black polka dot and a big black hat underlined with white. I thought the Countess of Dalkeith, who was accompanied by her husband, looked sweet in a pale orchid-mauve silk suit with a pleated skirt and straw boater to match. Lady Howard de Walden, who accompanied her husband to the paddock twice to see their runners, looked charming in a fuchsia-and-black printed dress and a small fuchsia cap and a mink stole. Mrs. Robin McAlpine, chic in a hyacinth blue coat and hat to match, was in the paddock with her husband to see their runners, and I noticed, too, the Countess Cathcart, who looked exceedingly smart in a neat, beautifully tailored navy-blue dress and jacket, with a small blue and white hat.

Coming-out at the Dorchester

I went in for a short while to the dance given jointly by Mrs. Kenneth Burness and Mrs. Gerald MacCarthy for their débutante daughters Miss Jennifer Burness, who was in deep pink, and Miss Fiona MacCarthy, in a dark lilac satin dress with harem skirt. This was held in the Orchid and Holford rooms of the Dorchester and there were about 300-350 guests. It began at nine o'clock with a sit-down dinner for everyone, which gave the evening a very good start. When I arrived about midnight everyone seemed to know everyone else, and the party went on, still at its peak, until 3.30 a.m. when the band stopped. A most amusing and popular diversion at this dance was a fortune teller, for whom there was a short queue most of the evening



Miss Jennifer Burness and Miss Fiona MacCarthy. The dance was given for them

The Hon. Helen Rollo, daughter of Lord & Lady Rollo, with Mr. Charles Seely



Miss Sally Croker-Poole with Mr. Dan Abbott

Mr. Harry Renwick and Miss Carolyn Neilson. Mr. Renwick is Sir Robert Renwick's son



Miss Tessa Prain (she lives in Scotland), with Mr. David Dickinson

Miss Zara Heber Percy with Mr. Philip Vincen



Photographs on this page and opposite by A. V. Swaabe

I went to two gay cocktail parties for débutantes which took place on the same evening. The first was given by Lord Selsdon and Mrs. Simon Sitwell for their daughter the Hon. Gail Mitchell-Thomson, a charming young person who was an excellent hostess. It took place in the ballroom of the Hyde Park Hotel which was soon packed with young friends making their début this year, others who came out last year or even before, and a large number of young men. Lady Selsdon was among the very few older people present, but Lord Selsdon unfortunately missed the party as he had not arrived home from a trip to Kenya which he and Lady Selsdon made earlier this spring. She flew home, but Lord Selsdon, not expecting the many delays, decided to come by a small cargo boat. Lord Selsdon is also giving a dance for Gail and to celebrate the coming-of-age of his son the Hon. Malcolm Mitchell-Thomson, in October.

From the Hyde Park Hotel I went on to the Cavalry Club where Mrs. John Dennistoun and Mrs. Arthur Taylor were giving a party for their débutante daughters Miss Ginnie Dennistoun and Miss Ann Taylor, who are both débutantes this year. Although this party was slightly smaller it was equally gay, and all the young people, of which young men outnumbered the girls, were engaged in lively chat when I arrived.

A débutante arranged the flowers

The following evening I went to the Hyde Park Hotel for the dance given by the Hon. Mrs. Casey for her débutante daughter Susan, a quiet and charming girl who looked most attractive in a long, deep sea-green dress. Here the flowers, arranged with original foliage, were outstandingly beautiful. They had been done by Miss Caroline Yorke who shared a coming-out dance also at the Hyde Park with Mrs. Casey's eldest daughter Miss Anna Casey. Caroline is now working in Lady Pulbrook's flower shop in Sloane Street which specializes in flower decoration for parties and weddings. Mrs. Casey and her husband gave a delightful dinner party for about 25 guests before the dance, and other dinner party hostesses included Lady Dulverton, whose daughter the Hon. Marion Wills is making her début this year, Mrs. Henry Wenger, Lady Gretton, the Hon. Lady Stueley, Mrs. P. Foster, the Hon. Mrs. Bill Rollo, Mrs. Barrett and Lady Ropner.

There were several older girls at this ball who had come out in the same years as Anna and Bridget Casey, Susan's two older sisters who

were both there. Among them were Miss Sarah Johnson, Miss Alexandra Seely, Miss Caroline Yorke, Miss Jacynth Lindsay, Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Merle Ropner, Miss Mary Hays and Miss Virginia Makins. Among this year's débutantes I noticed Lady Caroline Acheson attractive in fine red lace, Miss Elizabeth Hicks-Beach, Miss Annabel Loudon, Miss Gay Foster, Miss Sally Croker-Poole, Miss Sarah Norman, Miss Christine Stueley, Miss Harriet Nares and Miss Minnie d'Erlanger. The very large number of young men included Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Mr. Colin Malcolmson, Lord Farnham, and Mr. Malcolm Burr.

On the wedding cake, a goat

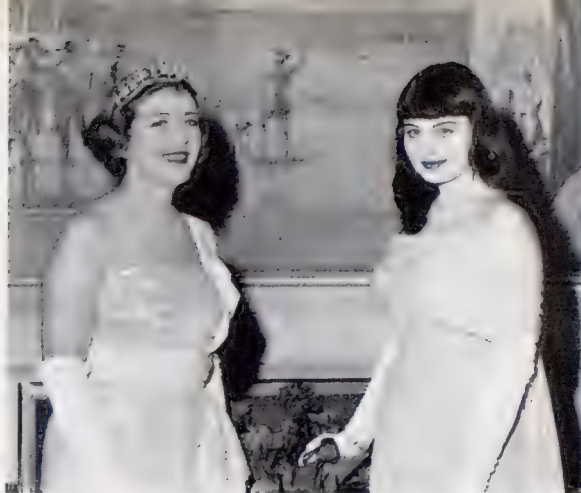
The Duke & Duchess of Gloucester were present at the marriage of Mr. Edward Birkbeck, elder son of the late Colonel Oliver Birkbeck and Lady Joan Birkbeck, and Miss Sarah Brook, only daughter of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Brook. It took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, a pretty girl, wore an exquisite wedding dress of cream lace and a lace veil lent by the bridegroom's uncle the Earl of Munster; this was held in place by a superb diamond tiara lent by her aunt Lady Gretton. The two pages, Jeremy Mainwaring-Burton and Michael Turnbull, wore cream silk shirts with delphinium-blue trousers. Three child bridesmaids, the Hon. Elizabeth Gretton, Caroline O'Cock and Victoria Scott, carried out the colour scheme of cream and delphinium-blue, and looked enchanting in long, full-skirted dresses of cream spotted net over satin with blue sashes. Their headdresses were blue Alice bands trimmed with cornflowers.

Capt. & the Hon. Mrs. Brook, the latter looking nice in a gaily printed silk suit and small hat, received the guests with Lady Joan Birkbeck, charming in navy blue, at the reception at Claridge's. After the young couple had cut their wedding cake, which was decorated with a sugar model of a goat, the Duke of Gloucester proposed their health. They are spending the honeymoon in Austria.

Among the relations who came to wish them happiness were the bride's brother Mr. Charles Brook, who was an usher, the Earl & Countess of Munster, Lord & Lady Gretton, their elder daughter the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton, Sir John & Lady Crabbe, Sir Henry & the Hon. Lady Floyd, Lord St. Audries and his sisters the Hon. Audrey and the Hon. Maud Acland-Hood, Mrs. Hall and her son Dr. Hall and his wife, Miss Muriel Gretton and Mr. & Mrs. Richard Scott, whose little daughter Victoria was a bridesmaid.

Coming-out at Claridge's

I went to Claridge's for one of the gayest dances of the season, given by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith for their débutante daughter Miss Dominie Riley-Smith, a strikingly attractive girl who wore a lovely yellow chiffon dress. She stood for a long time with her parents (Mrs. Riley-Smith looked charming in a white satin and cloth of gold dress) receiving the guests, who included many friends from Yorkshire and Sussex. I saw Dominie's grandmother Mrs. Cecil Drabble with her husband and friends from Yorkshire, many of whom had given dinner parties. They included the Hon. Lady Parkinson, Mrs. David Lycett-Green, the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox, Mrs. Frederick Luck and young Lord Gisborough, who farms with great keenness in Yorkshire. He had dined with his host and hostess, Mr. Riley Smith is a great supporter of polo and plays regularly at Cowdray, and friends from the polo world I saw included Viscount & Viscountess Cowdray, Col. Peter Dollar and Col. & Mrs. Gerald Critchley. There was a cabaret later in the evening and one of the smaller rooms was made to resemble a night club. Many guests danced there as well as in the ballroom. Among young friends at this ball were Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, the Hon. Teresa Pearson, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Angela Huth, Miss Elfrida Eden, Miss Gay Foster, Viscount Royston, Mr. Charles Petre and Mr. Julian Benson



Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith with her daughter Miss Dominie Riley-Smith for whom the dance was given



Mr. Hugh Pitman (he is in the Blues), with Miss Deirdre Senior

The Hon. Frances Ashley-Cooper and Mr. Douglas Anderson



Mr. Keith Carmichael, who works with an oil company, and Miss Christa Slater



Mr. Humphry Wakefield, who is reading English at Cambridge, and Miss Julia Calvert



Friends present included Lady Joan Gore-Langton, Lady Herbert and her daughter the Hon. Diana Herbert who looked very pretty in red, Lord Glentanar who had just arrived from Scotland, Major the Hon. Arthur Baillie, whose son Major Ian Baillie was best man, the Earl & Countess of Albemarle, the Hon. Edward Greenall, Commander the Hon. Roger Coke, Capt. & Mrs. Bell Irving, and the latter's brother Major Tony Weatherall who was there with his wife. Others there were Lady Anne Tennant, pretty in a silk suit and large white organza hat, Col. & Mrs. Gordon Colman, Lord & Lady Romney, and Mr. & Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale who have recently been visiting friends in Belgium, during which time they went to the Brussels Exhibition which they thoroughly enjoyed.

I also met Brigadier Tony Pepys, Mr. & Mrs. Thompson-Schwab and their son Mr. Darell Thompson-Schwab, and Major & Mrs. Harold Hall, keen sailing enthusiasts who are going to the U.S. in September to watch Sceptre race for the America's Cup; Major Hall is one of the syndicate which has financed the building of Sceptre for this race.

Recently I mentioned the Presentation Day ball in Edinburgh on July 3. Now I hear from the Marchioness of Tweeddale that she is chairman of the Victoria League Ball to be held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on the following night, July 4, so that week, when the Queen, Prince Philip and the Court are in residence at Holyroodhouse, should be a very gay one. The Countess of Minto is President of the ball and the Countess of Ellesmere and Mrs. J. Loudon the joint deputy chairmen. Special prizes will be given, and there will be a tombola and other attractions. Tickets from the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Yester, Gifford, East Lothian.

A "house-cooling" party in Marylebone

I went to a farewell party (or as friends laughingly described it "a house cooling") given by Mr. & Mrs. Vane Ivanovic in their Gloucester Square house, which they were leaving a few days later to move into a flat in Grosvenor Square. A small marquee for dancing had been built out in the garden, gay with flowers and a long buffet with plenty of chairs and little tables was arranged in the drawing-room which was used for sitting-out, and there was another buffet in the dining-room. Mrs. Ivanovic, who is both beautiful and a charming hostess, wore a brown and white dress, and with her husband saw that everyone was being cared for. Everyone was delighted to see Mr. Ivanovic's mother Mme. Banac, a much-loved personality all over Europe, holding court at the party as her friends queued up to talk to her. Mr. Ivanovic's lovely sister Mrs. Neil McLean gave a dinner party and brought her guests with her husband Col. McLean, who is the M.P. for Inverness. They too are leaving their house in Gloucester Square—an enchanting home—and moving to a flat in Eaton Square. Her daughter Miss Marina Kennedy, charming in a candy pink organza dress, was the only really young girl at the party.

The guests included Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia and his attractive wife who is a niece of Prince Philip, the Spanish Ambassador the Marqués de Santa Cruz, the Italian Ambassador, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord & Lady Lovat on one of their rare visits from Scotland, his brother the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P. & the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, the Rt. Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Minister for Colonial Affairs, Mr. McNeill Cooper-Key, M.P. & the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman, Senhor Brance, Counsellor at the Brazilian Embassy, the Vizconde de Priego from the Spanish Embassy, Mr. Whitney Straight, Mr. & Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA opened the Antique Dealers' Fair. Here she is talking to Captain E. B. Woollett, who showed her a ring that once belonged to Mrs. George Washington

Van Hallen



Vice-Admiral H. G. Norman with Viscountess Buckmaster. She gave a dinner party before the dance



Lady Chesham with Major D. F. Hornsby. He lives at Ropley in Hampshire



Miss Josephine Borthwick and Mr. Robin Bradshaw who is at Worcester College, Oxford

Coming-out in Hampshire

Miss Jane Durant (right) for whom the party was given at Pelham Place in Hampshire. Jennifer gives an account of this party in her Social Journal below

Miss Sally Croker-Poole with Mr. David Edwards, son of Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards



Miss Annette Bradshaw and Mr. Gavin Tait. Mr. Tait is at Sandhurst



Van Hallan

Princess of Berar wearing an exquisite single stone diamond necklace, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, M.P. & Mrs. Thorneycroft, Mr. Julian Amery, M.P. & Mrs. Amery, Mr. Tommy & Lady Elizabeth Clyde, the Duchess of Argyll, Lord & Lady Dynevor, Vicomte d'Orthez, Lord & Lady St. Oswald, the Hon. Neville & Mrs. Berry, and Mr. & Mrs. Victor Cavendish Bentinck.

Underneath the Gothic arches

The following night many débutantes and their escorts went down to Hampshire where Mrs. Bryan Durant gave a good dance for her daughter Miss Jane Durant, a delightful girl with a host of young friends, at their home Pelham Place. As with everything Mrs. Durant undertakes, this dance was superbly but not ostentatiously done. She had the help of that splendid team Edgingtons for the marquee (which was most effectively built out over the Gothic arched terrace and garden and lined with cherry red and white muslin), Searcy's for supper and Tim Clayton for music. A great many friends in the district had house parties and dinner parties for the ball, among them Lord & Lady Chesham whom I met with their daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Sir Hugh & Lady Smiley who brought a party including their son Capt. John Smiley and her débutante niece Miss Rosamund Hambro, and Lady Lilian Austin who is giving a small dance at her home in the autumn for her daughter Miss Rosemary Austin.

Others were Lord & Lady Northbrook whom I saw dancing, Mr. & Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the latter looking charming in a long white organza dress appliquéd with black lace, Mrs. Palmer-Tomkinson, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, Lady Angela Dawnay, Viscountess Buckmaster, Commander & Mrs. Henry Wilkin, Lady

Jaffray, whom I had met earlier collecting her young guests from the train, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Seymour and Mrs. Comar Wilson, whose pretty daughter Caroline I saw dancing with her cousin Mr. Robin Wilson who had just arrived from South Africa. Among other young people dancing were Miss Virginia Whitaker, Lord Valentine Thynne, Miss Miranda Smiley, Mr. David Edwards, Mr. George Jeffreys and Miss Davina Nutting.

Some social events to come

The Catholic Public School Ball is to take place at Claridge's on 30 July. Tickets are available from Mr. Michael J. Hoy, Smithe House, Downside School, near Bath, Somerset.

Lady Irene Astor has once again organized what is sure to be an entertaining garden party at The Holme, Regent's Park, on 16 July. This is held annually to raise funds for the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies and Children and is attended by well-known stars of the stage, screen, radio and television. There will be sideshows, roundabouts for children, produce and other stalls. The party is from 2.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

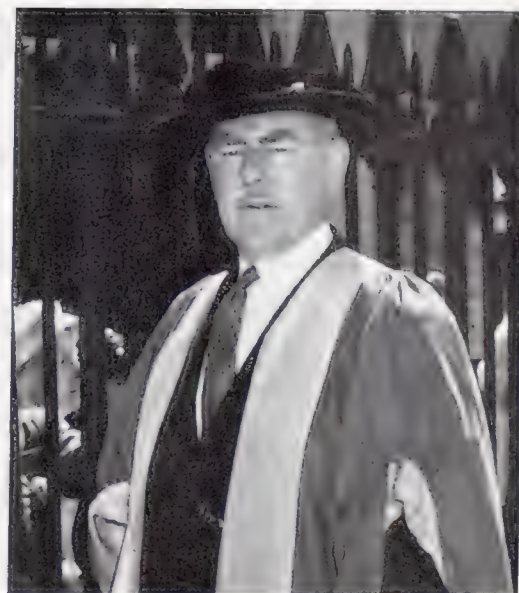
A children's dancing matinée by pupils of Miss Violet Ballantine will take place on 15 July at the Adelphi Theatre in aid of the League of Pity (the junior branch of the N.S.P.C.C.). Tickets for the matinée, which in previous years has been amusing and well done, may be obtained from Mrs. C. FitzGibbon, 12 Herbert Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

LORD WALDEGRAVE.—A picture from the Bath Festival on this page in the issue of June 11 showed Lady Waldegrave and Mr. J. H. Browne of Sydney Place, Bath—not Lord Waldegrave, as the caption incorrectly stated. The TATLER regrets this error.



NEWS PORTRAITS

ORDER Some of the most famous 'names' in the land gathered at Windsor Castle for the annual service of the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel. The Queen walked in procession with other members of the order including (*above*) the Queen Mother and the Duke of Gloucester, seen leaving the chapel, followed by Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks (Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod). Watching in Garter robes are (*l. to r.*) Sir Anthony Eden, the Earl of Searbrough (the Lord Chamberlain—*see also p. 694*), the Duke of Portland, Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke and the Marquess of Salisbury



DEGREES Three leaders in international politics have received honorary degrees. Cambridge University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld (*left*), the United Nations' Secretary-General, and on Mr. Dean Acheson (*right*), President Truman's Secretary

of State. Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister (*centre*, boarding a plane for Canada during his visit to North America) was awarded an honorary degree at de Pauw University in Indiana. His grandfather was a medical graduate of the university and his mother was born in Indiana

This weekend the Queen Mother
visits Salisbury for the
rededication of the cathedral
after 700 years

by SYDNEY CARTER

An occasion for the bells to peal

—BUT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL CAN'T RING OUT!

IN THE CITY of New Sarum (as Salisbury is called on the public notices) this is a year of jubilee. On the cathedral lawns the floodlights crouch amid the daisies, pointing up towards the famous spire. Concerts of sacred music, an exhibition of prayer cushions and a visit on June 28th by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother form part of the celebrations, which continue through the summer. It is the 700th birthday of St. Mary's, the Cathedral Church.

This is really the second cathedral. The first, at Old Sarum, had a pretty troubled life. It was struck by lightning five days after it was consecrated. Perched on their

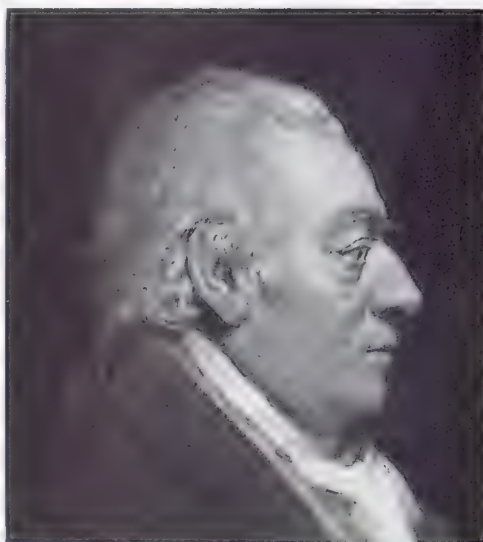
windy hilltop two miles north of the present city, clerks complained that they could hardly hear each other sing. They suffered from rheumatism and from the rude remarks of the brutal soldiery with whom they had to share this ancient earthwork. For Old Sarum was a fortress, first and foremost, from time immemorial. The Romans called it Sorbiodunum. The Saxons called it Searobyrg. In Domesday Book it turns up as Sarisberie; after which you have a choice. Some call it Sarum, others opt for Salisbury.

After 165 years on the summit, Bishop Poore decided to move the church to a spot less windy and more watery. He picked a

pleasant place where there were three rivers and no soldiers. Foundations were laid in 1220 and the cathedral was complete in 1258; which is probably a record. (Cologne Cathedral took 600 years to finish.) One result of this is that Salisbury Cathedral has a unity of style that is almost unique in a Gothic building of this size. After 100 years, someone had the happy thought of sinking on a spire. This gave Salisbury the willowy elegance that fascinated Constable and moved Henry James to call it, "*a blonde beauty*."

Blonde it certainly looks, in the sunlight: and it has that aristocratic tallness with

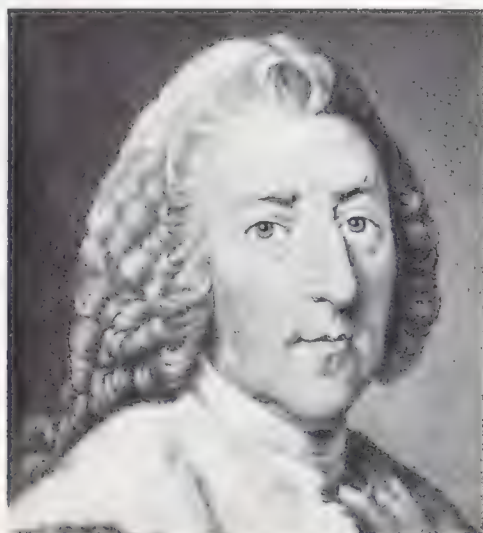
FIVE MEN IN THE LIFE OF A CATHEDRAL



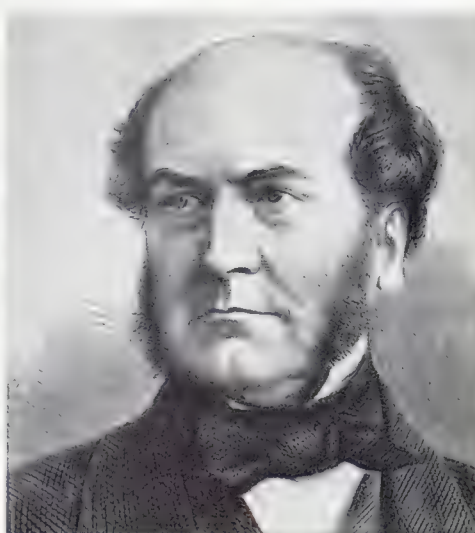
JAMES WYATT
He lined up the tombs



CHRISTOPHER WREN
He stiffened the spire



PITT THE ELDER
He was the local M.P.



SIR GILBERT SCOTT
He shifted the High Altar



HENRY JAMES
He was moved to poetry



which English blondes are usually credited. Four hundred and four feet high, its spire is the highest in Britain and the third highest in Europe. It is the pride of the Dean and Chapter and their worry, too. For the piers of the tower, which carry this graceful burden of 1,650 tons, were not designed for that purpose. Despite flying buttresses and girder arches, the spire was tilting two and a half feet in a south-westerly direction by 1788, when Sir Christopher Wren was asked to have a look at it. He put in iron supports, which have been reinforced or replaced from time to time—the last in 1950, at a cost of £20,000.

The spire still tilts two and a half feet, but should stay in good shape for another century or so.

Nothing catastrophic has ever happened to Salisbury Cathedral. It was never bombed, like Coventry, or burnt down, like St. Paul's. No archbishop has been butchered here, as Becket was at Canterbury. The most upsetting thing that ever happened was James Wyatt.

Between 1789 and 1792, Wyatt swept round the interior like a tornado. Hurling tombs to left and right, he drove a clear passage from the West Door to the Altar; that is, to the Altar of the Lady Chapel. The old High Altar is one of the things he moved away. Down came a couple of chantry chapels, too, and most of the stained glass, which Wyatt found depressing.

The interior of Salisbury Cathedral has never quite recovered from the shock. The High Altar was moved back by Sir Gilbert Scott in the 19th century, and a few bits of the old glass were stuck back in the windows; but most of it had been broken up. With the tombs all neatly lined up and the litter of the Middle Ages cleared away and the grisly daylight pouring through the windows, the nave still wears a pale and empty look, like a man coming round after a drastic operation.

The outside of the cathedral escaped the restoring zeal of Wyatt; though he did pull down a bell-tower in the churchyard, built in the 14th century. This has left Salisbury comparatively bell-less. The vibrations of a really hearty team of bells beneath the spire is not a thing which anybody cares to risk. So worshippers are called to service by the hour-bell of the clock.

Satisfied with what he'd done at Salisbury, Wyatt went off and built Fonthill Abbey.

By this time, cows and sheep were grazing in Old Sarum. The castle had been dismantled, and nobody lived there any

more. But Old Sarum achieved a certain amount of publicity at the time of the Reform Bill, for it still returned two Members of Parliament. It was the classic example of a "rotten borough." Though perhaps it was not so rotten, after all; for one of the members it returned was the elder Pitt. Anyway, all that was stopped by the Reform Act of 1832; and now Old Sarum is nothing but a public monument, with the outline of the old cathedral carefully marked out upon the ground for visitors to see. An impressive, brooding kind of place, well worth a visit.

Gazing down towards New Sarum from the grassy ramparts of Old Sarum you can have all kinds of sublime and faintly eerie thoughts about the impermanence of castles and cathedrals and the body that you stand in; but you will not want to stay for long, on a stormy, windy day. Bishop Poore was right. So down to the lush green meadows, and a good lunch at the Haunch of Venison; and, if you want beauty, too, you have the queen of English churches, presenting a sitting target to the water-colourist, from almost any angle that you care to choose.



The cloisters (top, left) are the largest in any English cathedral. They were built in about 1263-1270. Above: Part of the interior. Below: A view of the cathedral by Constable who painted it several times



In the high season never an evening goes by without cocktails, a charity ball, or a coming-out party. On these two pages are recorded three items from one week's festivities



ST. ETHELDREDA'S BALL.—Princess Margaret was guest of honour at this ball, held at the Hurlingham Club. She is seen dancing with Major the Hon. N. H. Villiers, son of the Earl of Clarendon



Mr. Alan Munro, who is at Cambridge, and Miss Susan Spencer-Nairn. The ball was held to raise money for rebuilding St. Etheldreda's Church, Fulham, which was destroyed during the war



Left to right: Miss Jennifer Stratton, Mr. Paul Nicolson (joint-chairman of the ball's junior committee), Miss Fiona Sprott and the Hon. Julian Grenfell (vice-chairman of the committee)



The Bishop of Kensington and his wife Lady Laura Easthaugh, who is a daughter of the Earl of Selborne



Viscountess Davidson, M.P. (joint-chairman of the ball), with her daughter the Hon. Mrs. George Fox, whose husband is the vicar



The Mayor & Mayoress of Fulham, Alderman & Mrs. L. G. Fenton. The instrument behind them is a Regency barrel-organ



N.S.P.C.C. DANCE.—The St. Marylebone branch held a dance at the Savoy Hotel. Above: Lady Godber, chairman of the ball, with her granddaughter, Miss Heather Agnew



The Moroccan Ambassador (Prince Mehdi), Princess Tiao Khampan, the Laos Ambassador (Prince Tiao Khampan), and Princess Mehdi

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Speelman and Sir Thomas & Lady Lund. Mr. Speelman is an art-dealer and Sir Thomas is secretary to the Law Society



Desmond O'Neill



Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes. He is a director of the Rootes motor vehicle group

Mr. Nicholas Plunket with Miss Sally Heywood. Her white dress was decorated with red rosebuds



The Hon. Patrick Penny, son of Viscount Marchwood, with Miss Maxine Hodson

Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke. He is Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire



MRS. ROOTES AT HOME.—Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes gave a dance at Ladbroke Hall, Leamington Spa, for her daughter, Miss Christa Slater (below)



Van Hallan

English as she is spoke **IN THOSE !** **GUIDE-BOOKS !**



by WYNFORD VAUGHAN THOMAS

The Roundabout commentary this week mocks the notion that only the British torture other people's languages. The author is the well-known broadcaster

I AM an inveterate collector of local guides. They are my one travel vice. My first action, when I "hit town" on the Continent is to race, like a homing pigeon, to the nearest book-shop and gasp, in my halting French or Italian, "*le guide, combien? Mille lire? Troppo!*" I may not be grammatical but I get results. I shall return from my travels this summer with my usual shelf-full of treasure-trove. Naturally, I sternly reject all offers of Baedekers, Muirheads and Michelins, admirable and invaluable though these publications may be. I'm after more exotic quarry. I want the guides and tourist phrase-books which are written in English, preferably by the local schoolmaster and issued by the daring enterprise of the local *Societe d'Initiative*. For I maintain you can catch the whole flavour of a country—even penetrate into its secret soul—from the way the writers of local guides make free with the English language.

Of course, our tongue has undergone many a strange metamorphosis in its conquering career around the world. In West Africa it early took on a carefree, tropical richness. Did not the papers, during the war, print the immortal headline *MACARTHUR FLIES BACK TO FRONT?* And up country, you may still inquire if the boss is in his office with the charming phrase, "*Is master on seat?*". But "*pidgin-English*" is on the way out and the educated West African now speaks English with a musical correctness which can

put many of us to shame. And, in any case, the West African usually learns the language from an Englishman, or under English supervision. He is guided away from the major pitfalls.

Ah! how different are the problems facing the editor of a continental local guide, as he grits his teeth and prepares to tackle his task. Let us take a French example. I have a clear-cut picture of Monsieur Dupont—nobly bearded, pince-nez spectaclled and with the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur (4th class) in his button-hole. For years he has coasted along happily as *professeur* at the local *lycée*, with no one to question the English he learnt during his one visit as an exchange student to Warrington in 1923. Suddenly a deputation arrives at his doorstep from the local council. "Our dear town of Clancy-sur-Canape is not on the route of the tourist, M. Dupont. But we have many marvels to show. There is the chateau, the church and the two curiously shaped rocks in the garden of M. le Curé. Cannot these lure the Americans and English to spend their money with us? You will write a guide, will you not, which will immediately divert the Cadillacs off the Route Nationale?"

Impossible for M. Dupont to refuse. His honour, his very job is at stake. He blows the dust off his copy of Fowler's *English Usage*, and, after gulping a glass of St. Evain ("*admirable pour les maladies des reins . . .*"), produces his opening sentence. . . . "It was

in the epoch of the Gallo-Romans that our beloved town suffered its first *amanagements . . .*" Experienced readers of local guides will recognize the style immediately. M. Dupont writes what we might call wine-splashed Baroque English. It is the natural English prose-style of the Latin races.

The writer chafes under the restraints of formal English grammar. He longs to invest our cold language with rich southern eloquence, to make its clipped phrases sparkle with the sunlit grace of a glass of Burgundy, to pepper the sentences with rolling Latin words! He can't resist the temptation. By the time he has reached his second chapter he is in full, fantastic flight, rivalling the achievements of the greatest writer of wine-splashed Baroque whom I have yet encountered—the immortal G. Alfano.

All old soldiers from the Italian campaign will have happy memories of Signor Alfano's *Modern Polyglot*. It was the first little book of Italian phrases which was offered for sale after the liberation of Naples. It gave the astonished soldiery the correct conversation to use when buying a diamond, or when hiring a hackney coach. I, myself, tried it out at the hairdressers with shattering result. Let me transcribe the choicer bits:

"*Be quick,*" the tourist is instructed to begin, "*and put on my wrapper and a white napkin and stop your razors when you have lathered me . . . Ah! you have put the brush into my mouth!*"

The barber has his come-back ready. "*It was because you spoke when I did not expect it.*"

Then he produces a typical piece of barber's-chair patter. "*The young bride's hair was blank, thick, coarse, her forehead broad and square. An ordinary hairdresser would not have been able to hide the sternness of her features, but I have given her head a gentle and languishing expression.*"

Now it's up to you. "*Truly I am struck with admiration. But, mister artist, with all your talents, you have cut me. I am bleeding. You have been shaving against the grain.*"

"No, sir. I have only taken off a little pimple. With a bit of court plaster it will not be seen. . . . Do you wish me to give you a touch of the curling-irons, sir?"

To this outrageous suggestion you react



BRIGGS

by Graham



with true British phlegm. "No," you say icily, "*it is not necessary. My hair curls naturally.*" So to the final polite exchanges.

"Please look in the glass."

"It will do very well. I see you are an artist worthy to shave and trim your contemporaries."

This is wine-splashed Baroque at its best. It is not an attempt to write normal English. It is a determined effort to improve the language. Only a Latin would attempt it.

The guide writers of the northern races, the Dutch, the Danes, the Swedes, even the Swiss, proceed on an entirely opposite principle. They like our language so much and have entered into its idiom so thoroughly that they feel they are on back-slapping terms with it. They write what I call, "Jolly-boy" English.

The Danes are masters of it and write it with that determined jollity which makes them the Mark Tapleys of Europe. The Dutch use it on all possible occasions. Some of the Dutch guides to art galleries or to the bulb-fields are models of their kind. Everything is there—the jovial "dig-in-the-ribs" opening, the far too apt quotation, the bit of slang that is ever so slightly dated.

"So you are coming to Amsterdam? And the Venice of Holland is all ready to say 'chin-chin' to you, as you drink your first glass of good Dutch Bols. Now what do you wish to see first, old chap? Our famous windmills, whose sails still thrash the air industriously, or our canals where the old burgers lived? Only you must not expect to see us in clogs and baggy trousers, you know. The modern

The salmon season

Flying Dutchman is truly jet-propelled."

That is good, standard "Jolly-boy." So is the little brochure which accompanied the excellent Swedish compass which I have just bought. It flatters me, in its instructions, that I am going to use it to go elk-shooting instead of just having it by me in case a mist blows up on Plynlimmon. "*You're in luck today,*" it announces, "*a big ten-point buck has fallen to your accurate shooting.*" (I, who, when dragged down to Bisley to pass my Home Guard rifle test, put all my shots on to the Sergeant's target, two doors down!). "*You must get help, but finding this critter later would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack. . . . So, let's go!*"

Note the subtle introduction of "critter" at exactly the wrong moment. This is true "Jolly-boy."

But I have long wondered about what would happen when a speaker of "Jolly-boy" met a writer of "wine-splashed Baroque."

At last, I know the answer. As you might imagine, I got it in Naples, where, apparently, they know all about the "Jolly-boy speakers" and have prepared a subtle trap for them. The working of the trap depends on the natural and understandable pride of the

A scene to exhilarate any angler. The fish has bitten and now comes the challenge of bringing it in. This fine photograph on Loch Morar, Inverness-shire, shows trolling for salmon, instead of the more usual fly-fishing

"Jolly-boy" enthusiast in the command he has obtained over the English language.

He leaves his hotel at Naples one sunny morning to find two gentlemen in a difficulty on the pavement outside. One, it appears, is an Italian, who can speak no English, the other an American who can speak no Italian. The Dutchman, Dane or Swiss is inevitably drawn to offer his help, for he is a master of "Jolly-boy" Italian, French and German as well. Soon he is busily interpreting for both sides, and soon, too, he finds himself drawn into the deal. He parts with his money rather than admit he doesn't understand every single word spoken, and the kindly Italians leave him the lighter by thousands of lire, but happy that he has demonstrated his mastery of English. What could be more satisfactory to both sides?

Yet who are we that we can afford to chuckle too often at our gallant users of "Jolly-boy"? The marvel is that our friendly Dutchman and Dane talk our tongue so well. And I have yet to see the guide to Douglas or Barry Island translated into Italian or Dutch. As my Swedish brochure says, "*Let's go!*" or should we say, "*Andiamo!*"



STONELEIGH ABBEY, near Kenilworth, Warwickshire, the home of Lord & Lady Leigh. The centenary of a visit to Stoneleigh

by Queen Victoria has been commemorated there this summer. Like many stately homes, parts of the house are open to visitors

A. F. Kerstin.

What is it like when a queen comes to stay? Georgina Leigh kept this record of Queen Victoria's visit to her home 100 years ago

“I HAD NOT quite finished dressing when there was a cry raised that ‘the Queen was coming’ but it proved to be only my brother, Leigh, who after receiving the Queen at the Coventry Station had galloped back to receive her at Stoneleigh. Fortunately we were all assembled in time, and Lady Leigh, the Dowager Lady Leigh, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Westminster went down into the corridor to receive the Queen and Prince. They arrived as the old clock struck quarter to six o’clock. . . .

Her Majesty greeted us with great courtesy and was then conducted by Lady Leigh to her own rooms. With these she appeared greatly pleased, and sent for the Duchess of Atholl to come and admire them. . . .

The rooms, looking towards the south over the terrace gardens, sloping to the Avon, had been selected as the best *en suite* and the most easy to shut out from the rest of the house. This was done by raising a temporary wall on one side and by hanging crimson curtains in the centre of the passage on the other side. Five rooms were appropriated to the use of the Queen and Prince Consort. . . .

We had busied ourselves for some little time in these rooms, arranging the flowers

and writing tables, also taking care that there should not be too many chairs in the way, to which they say the Queen objects! . . .

Her retinue of servants was not small including the Prince’s attendants. They numbered altogether 18—the Queen’s Dresser, the Queen’s Lady’s Maid; two Pages in Ordinary; the Prince’s Valet;

eight men servants in livery; a coiffeur; a clothes brusher; an upholsterer; a special messenger and an Inspector of Police. All these were lodged in the house. The Queen’s Coachman, who came down to inspect the roads, ten grooms and 18 horses were put up at Coventry. One of the Royal attendants performed the office of *taster*; he arrived at Stoneleigh on the Saturday and selected the wine. . . .

The upholsterer’s duty was to pack and unpack the Queen’s boxes. He also superintended the making and arrangements of the Queen’s bed. She had sheets and blankets of her own with her and the upholsterer had to sew together in a peculiar way according to Royal fancy. One of the Queen’s head servants, or Pages, gave the housekeeper very minute directions as to the preparing of the Royal breakfast.

Punctually at eight o’clock the Queen entered the dining-room. A circle was formed round her and Lady Leigh named the



Lord Leigh, the 4th baron, is joint-Master of the North Warwickshire Hunt and High Steward of Sutton Coldfield. He commanded the 1st Royal Gloucestershire Hussars during the war

guests. I thought this a most painful ten minutes and felt as if I could scream from positive stiffness. At last . . . dinner was announced. . . . Gold plate and a set of beautiful china from Mintons, statuettes and ornaments decorated the table. The Band of the Life Guards played on the terrace. The Queen occupied the seat in the centre of the table. She was in high spirits and talked and laughed a great deal with my brother. Dinner being over the Queen soon rose and proceeded at once to the Silk Drawing Room. Again the sense of stiffness and formality stole over the party. No one sat down. We stood in solemn silence round the room, the Queen going from one to the other addressing a few observations to each in a pleasant manner. Her countenance when speaking is most expressive and she seems to have the gift of always saying the right thing to the right person. She took particular notice of dear little Margaret and Gilbert Leigh, who made their bows and curtsies so prettily and loyally that they were rewarded with many kisses.

And now, the shutters being suddenly opened a *coup d'œil* presented itself from the windows, at once novel and lovely. The venerable Abbey gateway which dates from the 14th century and which is remarkable for the beauty of its architecture, was illuminated in the most fairy-like manner, every line, gable, arch and window being traced out in coloured lamps; 16,000 were used. The night being perfectly still the effect was most lovely—indeed I never remember a more perfect illumination. . . .

A move being made to go out of doors to see it, the Queen expressed her wish to go too, and leaning on my brother's arm she walked down the Saloon steps into the Garden, we all following. A great mass of people were assembled in the Home Park, just outside the terrace balustrades, and no sooner did they hear that their beloved Queen was so near them, than they gave vent to their loyal feelings in a burst of loud and prolonged cheering. The Queen, who was in slight mourning for the Duchess of Orleans, was simply dressed in a gown of black tulle, a white lily in her hair, the Order of the Garter across the front corsage. The ladies of the Court were in slight mourning. The lady guests in very handsome and gay attire with all the diamonds they possessed: the gentlemen in uniform or knee breeches, silk stockings and court coats. . . .

[Next day the Queen went to Birmingham, and returned "in high spirits, greatly gratified by her reception and the enthusiastic loyalty of the Birmingham mechanics." In the evening there was a great gathering at Stoneleigh to meet Her Majesty.] I am sorry to record that the good county of Warwick did not show to great advantage in the beauty of its ladies. Many of the fairest and highest in the county were unavoidably absent and of course all whose absence might not have been so much regretted mustered in full force. When it came to the point, some of them did not appear to enjoy being ushered into the Queen's presence so much as they expected. A few grew very nervous and, in one instance, unable to face the trying ordeal alone, three affectionate natures—father, mother and daughter—went up all linked arm-in-arm together and the obeisance of the trio was of such novel and amusing a nature the Queen

Miss Georgina Leigh (right), who wrote the diary. She later became Mrs. Newdigate. With her is her mother Lady Leigh (centre), wife of the 1st baron, and her sister Mary. The pastel, which is at Stoneleigh, is by John Hayter



could not repress a smile! One worthy lady whose name need not transpire, but who is rather remarkable for the rotundity of her form and the rubicundity of her face, deposited herself in blissful ignorance upon the sofa, exclusively appropriated to the Queen's use, and was only made aware of this breach of etiquette which she was committing by a gentle hint from Lady Leigh and the wondering gaze of Her Majesty! . . .

NOTE: The Queen wore in the morning a checked silk dress with a white bonnet and white lace shawl. In the evening she wore a white moire antique silk dress trimmed with one flounce of blonde lace and black velvet bows. In her head diamonds and diamond ornaments. . . .

[Next morning], immediately breakfast was over, the Queen sent a message to Lady Leigh to say that she would go all over the house, and every servant was soon busily employed in putting the different rooms in order. She visited every part of the house even to the bedrooms, and seemed much pleased and interested with all she saw. Afterwards . . . my brother begged Her

Majesty to write her name in a crimson velvet book provided for the occasion, which she did, and then all the names of the guests were entered. The Queen then presented Lady Leigh with a handsome turquoise bracelet expressing the extreme pleasure her visit to Stoneleigh had given her. Before the Royal departure . . . the Queen planted an oak, and the Prince Consort a Wellingtonia Gigantia.

The carriages now drove up to convey the Royal party and suite and all the guests at Stoneleigh to have luncheon at Warwick Castle. The Queen then embraced Lady Leigh. . . . She and the Prince shook hands cordially with all the rest of the assembled party, and the cortege took its departure. . . . The Queen wore a white muslin dress with striped flounces, a black lace shawl and a lavender coloured bonnet.

On her departure from Stoneleigh Abbey the Queen left £150 for the servants, £100 to be distributed amongst the household and £50 for the stable department. In addition to this every servant in the house received a present in remembrance of the Royal visit. ●●

The Prince Consort's bedroom at Stoneleigh. The wallpaper was hung for his visit in 1858 and is still in excellent condition. The four-poster bed is by Hepplewhite, and a picture of the Prince Consort is on the right



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

De Gaulle—and entertainment as usual

By the time the written word becomes the printed word volumes of water flow under the bridges of the Seine. Great events have been moving so fast that we are breathless with our efforts to keep up with them. Paris is grateful and hopeful but not surprised. Marianne always knew that someone would come to the rescue. In fact Bernard Buffet seems to have been something of an augur, since his pictures portraying the life of the country lass from Domremy showed us, last winter, a Joan of Arc who was over six feet tall!

It would be wrong to say that "all is over but the shouting." It is nearer the truth to point out that the shouting is over and work now begins. There are difficult days ahead, no doubt, but since General and Madame de Gaulle (Aunt Yvonne to so many young people) have moved over to the Hotel Matignon, with bag and baggage, we have the comfortable feeling that the difficulties will be faced by the right man helped by old and loyal friends and backed by the country. Here's hoping! The Hotel Matignon is not, of course, an *auberge*, an inn or a hotel in the British sense of the word but the fine, old, grey-stone, 18th century mansion on the "left bank," that is the official home of France's Premier.

In spite of the excursions and alarms of the past weeks Paris has not lacked visitors, and visitors have not lacked entertainment, even though the *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* had to be postponed to a later date that has not yet been announced. It should have

taken place at the Grand Palais but it was suddenly thought expedient to billet a company of Republican Security Guards there, which rather interfered with the preparations for the ball. Now all is neat and tidy again. Clean, new gravel, fresh flowerbeds and verdant grass plots. A display of textiles and costumes precedes the Salon de la Mode that is to be presided over by Madame Capelle de Menou. Between the 8th and 22nd of July, after the Grand Prix has been run at Longchamp on the last Sunday in June and Parisians are beginning to leave Paris, a series of fêtes and ballets will be given. Spectacular entertainment for visitors who do not understand French.

The operetta *Valses de Vienne* has been revived for the summer at the Châtelet. This old theatre might be called the Drury Lane of Paris. As children and adults generations of Parisians have been thrilled by the melodramas and musicals that have been given there. It was here that the first stage version of *Round the World in 80 Days* was presented many years ago, almost before silent films and certainly before anything like the late Mike Todd's amazing production of Jules Verne's epic was dreamed of. With its vast parterre, its tiers and balconies that can seat 3,000 spectators, the Châtelet is the biggest theatre in Paris.

It was crowded to the topmost row of the amphitheatre the other night. André Beaugé the famous baritone, who has not been seen on the stage for some years, was playing the rôle of Johann Strauss (the father). Elderly members of the audience became reminiscent and sentimental as they recalled the singer's youth (and their own) when they applauded him in the part of Johann Strauss (the son)!

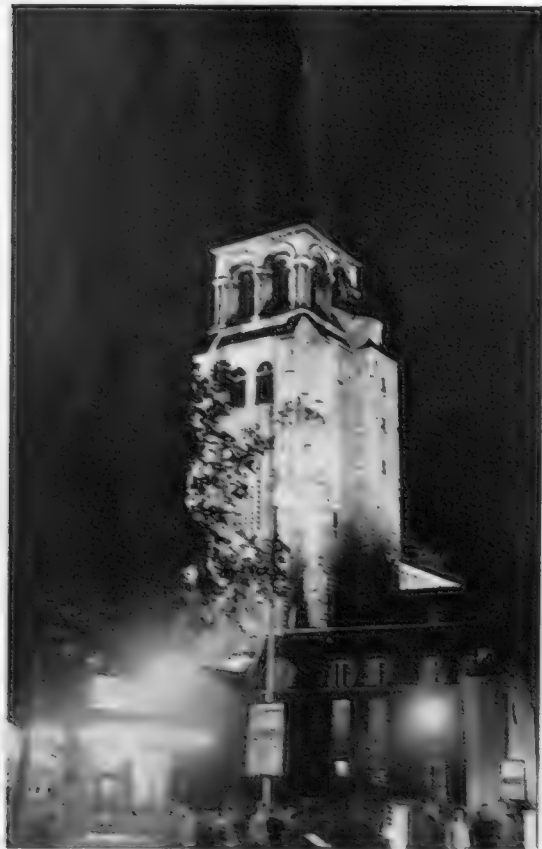
For those who take their pleasures more sedately the loan-exhibition of 56 of Renoir's finest pictures at the Durand-Ruel gallery (57 avenue de Friedland) is already open and continues until October 15. This will be sheer bliss for many. Most of the pictures of this collection have only been known to the general public in reproduction and some have not been exhibited before. Many date from those early days when Renoir, who became the greatest painter of his generation, sold two landscapes and his famous "Sewing Girl," now worth millions, for 100 francs apiece. There is a luminous serenity about Renoir's art that enchants one, a serenity that persists in his most sensual work and that possibly explains the appeal he holds for even the most casual visitor, who is more accustomed to queuing up for the cinema than an exhibition of painting. This exhibition is being held in order to buy back the old house at Cagnes in the South of France where the Master lived in his later years and died after a long illness. There was a brilliant gathering of his admirers on the opening day. Present were the comte and comtesse de Cossé-Brissac, the comtesse de Dampierre, M. André François-Poncet, the duchesse Edmée de la Rochefoucauld, Mme. Paul Valéry, Mme. de Montfort, Mlle. de Riemsdyk, the comtesse Hallex and the baronne de Navacelle.



The Val de Grâce, now a military hospital, in the rue Saint-Jacques

I was at the library of the Paris Opera House one afternoon last week. It is one of the most restful places one can find in the heart of the town. Few people appear to know about it. On the rue Aubert side of the great building a wide, stone-paved ramp leads up to a porticoed entrance that I have never seen closed . . . in the daytime at all events. A majestic, carpeted staircase welcomes one upwards. Tall double-doors open on a high-ceilinged room of which the walls are lined with books and one is greeted by an exciting scent of old leather and, strangely enough in a public building, pot-pourri. Standing down the centre of the parqueted floor are show cases of manuscripts and photographs of famous composers and singers and souvenirs of the great dancers of long ago who have entered into the history of "the Dance": Maria Taglioni . . . Fanny Elssler . . . to name but two of the greatest.

I have taken rather a long way round to explain how, wandering into the library, I lost my way as I wandered out. Perhaps it was wishful wandering, all over the building, for I ended up in an *avant-scène* and watched some of the members of the Bolshoi ballet at a practice routine. Their successful season has now come to a triumphant close and Paris warmly hopes they will return next year. As I saw them that afternoon on the bare, sparsely lighted stage in practice dress, they seemed curiously unreal. It was difficult to believe that I was in the familiar Salle Garnier. The strange—to my ears—hum of sound was Russian, the notices nailed up in the wings were in Russian, even two stage-hands tinkering at something in the orchestra pit were speaking Russian. Serge Lifar, in the stalls, was playing host to his ex-countrymen. I almost called to him but refrained fearing lest he has forgotten his French. If he had answered me in Russian I would have been quite sure that I was in occupied territory!



The church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, now floodlit, is 1400 years old

PRISCILLA IN PARIS—the oldest feature in *The TATLER*—will shortly appear in a new form



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The Duchess of Kent, who was guest of honour, with the Rt. Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air. He was joint-president of the ball

Lady Rachel Davidson, a sister of the Duke of Norfolk, with Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P. She is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent



Viscountess Tenby, wife of Viscount Tenby, a former Home Secretary, and Sir Frederick Handley-Page. He is the head of the aircraft firm

Air Vice-Marshal S. D. Macdonald & Mrs. Macdonald (left) won tombola prizes. Handing them over is Miss Judy Falcon, a B.O.A.C. stewardess



Mr. W. Tucker, the surgeon, who won a light aircraft worth £2,500 in the raffle, was presented with a model of the prize by Lady Wakefield, the Ball chairman. Behind them (centre) is Group Captain Walter Pickard, treasurer of the Ball

The Air League ball

Jennifer writes: The Duchess of Kent, attractive in a white brocade dress and a diamond tiara and necklace, was present at the annual Air League of the British Empire dinner and ball. H.R.H. was received by Lady Wakefield, the hard-working chairman of this year's very successful ball, with the vice-president, Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, and the hon. treasurer, Group Captain Walter Pickard. Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P. was there and others present to support this good effort were the Rt. Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air, Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot & Lady Boyle, Lady Fogarty, that grand veteran of amateur pilots Lord Brabazon of Tara & Lady Brabazon, Viscount & Viscountess Tenby, Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, Capt. Sir Weldon & Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris & Lady Harris, and the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing & Mrs. Orr-Ewing. The ball was held at the Dorchester

Mrs. Dominic Browne took a driving-alertness test (one of the side-shows) watched by the Hon. Dominic Browne (left), son of Lord Oranmore & Browne, and (next to him) Mrs. & Mr. Spencer Le Marchant, among others

Desmond O'Neill





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Lady Hawke (middle) was chairman of the garden party and cricket-match committee. With her: Miss Lavinia Hawke, and Miss Caroline Hawke (she is reading for the Bar)



Mrs. Irene Duval and Miss National Playing Fields A party was held) w



THE
TATLER

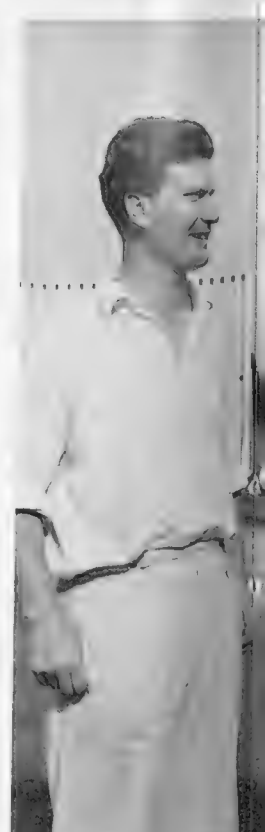
At Lady Hawke's garden party

Sir Wolstan Dixie. A cricket match between his team and Wing Cdr. Chinnery's XI was the afternoon's spectacle. In big picture: the match in progress

Mrs. Arthur Milton, wife of the Gloucestershire cricketer, Mrs. Sheila Brewster and Mr. John Normington, the Yorkshire Colts cricketer. He played for Sir Wolstan Dixie's XI

Mr. G. W. A. Denny, a Norfolk farmer, with two débutantes, Miss Lois Denny and Miss Pamela Walford, daughter of Mrs. Ben Walford

The two captains were (Hampshire), who Wing Cdr. Henry C





Zaria Knowles collected for the
Association for which the garden
Mrs. Duval's dog Nelson



Mr. A. D. Ingleby-Mackenzie
and Sir Volstan Dixie's XI, and
Gunnery, en route to Prince Philip



THEATRE

A lesson in baby talk

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

I DO NOT remember a time in the theatre when the crime of not being under 30 years old was made to seem so atrocious. A dramatist has only to fill his play with careless young things and the foyer echoes at the interval with exclamations of wonder at the utter modernity of the dialogue's idiom. If sourly you remark that the young things seem to be talking fair-sized nonsense you are smilingly told that you must be getting old. "All the young people I know," some balding senior will assert, "talk like that and think like that these days."

It may be so, and if it is so Mr. Christopher Taylor makes the most of it. He is a Canadian author, and in *The Velvet Shotgun* at the Duchess he gives us a slip of a girl and two boys who having just graduated from a Toronto university are making their first recklessly gay dash at life. Dido is slightly surprised but not in the least alarmed to discover that she is going to have a baby as the consequence of some casual affair in Paris with a young man she cannot take seriously as a father (when we have met the young man we do not wonder at that). In any case her heart is given to a married man in Canada, and she expects it will be at least a year before he is out of his present matrimonial tangle and free to marry her.

She and a girl friend have meanwhile gone to ground in Knightsbridge to await the arrival of the baby. Timothy is there to take the girls out to supper. He is a host who has to be subsidized, for he has not yet found the job he can hold down, but he is of their age and there is nothing of the "peasant" about him. The world, they decided at the university, is divided between

"peasants", who make heavy weather of life, and real people like themselves. Timothy is a real person, and the more so for disdaining his dull academic qualifications and depending on casual labour for a living.

There is nothing in Dido's predicament that need perturb a real person. Yet it seems a shame that she should have to get her baby

adopted. Actually she proposes a marriage of convenience to Timothy. This would enable her to link up with the married man once he has wangled his divorce. Timothy good-naturedly demurs. A sponger he may be, but he can't quite swallow the idea of becoming a gigolo. When the same proposition is made to the father of the baby he detects in it a strong "peasant" taint. He is a nervous young man, and the little affair in Paris has opened his eyes to chances in the career of an amorist which he had never till then appreciated. It would be too bad if he landed at the very outset of his career in the dull rôle of a husband, even a very temporary husband, and he is glad to sign a post-dated cheque which he hopes his father will never be asked to cash. These set-backs by no mean dispirit Dido. She talks more and more about the sophisticated fun of having a baby no man wants to father, and it is rather a relief when the hard-driven subject is given a rest while she is off the stage having her baby. When she comes back she has done a little fresh thinking. It occurs to her that "peasant" girls who wait to be asked in marriage have something, after all; and obviously Timothy's number is up.

The author's point, of course, is that young things passing gaily and honestly through what is bound to be a short-lived phase of irresponsibility are just as likely as their more solemn contemporaries to make a "go" of life when they have got to understand for themselves what it is really about. I should not like to argue the point with him. I object only that it is not made in a really dramatic way. The young things learn afresh that half the joy of offending stuffily responsible "peasants" comes from basking in the flattery of their horrified rebukes; but, except for a comic landlady, there are no peasants to hand out the rebukes. Dido and her friends are left to chatter their way with a brightness which can be maddening to the obvious conclusion.

Miss Sarah Marshall, heir to a lot of talent as the daughter of Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, has a slinky attractiveness, but the silliness of the heroine needs rather more variety of mood than she is yet able to suggest. Mr. Conrad Janis gives a good performance as her sympathetic boy friend and Mr. Michael Danvers-Walker, though over-playing, makes a likeable ass of the young man with a keenly developed sense of self-preservation. Miss Wynne Clark is the censorious landlady; and the piece is deftly produced by Mr. Frith Banbury.



Miss Spence (Wynne Clark) represents the stuffy views of the "peasants"

MATTERS REACH A CRISIS. Faced with approaching motherhood, Dido (Sarah Marshall, top) asks her blameless "steady" (Conrad Janis) to make an honest woman of her. He firmly but regretfully refuses. Another candidate for the matrimonial yoke is the father (Michael Danvers-Walker, below) of the expected infant. He discusses with Elizabeth (Ann Fairbank) the impossibility of the situation. Marriage in such circumstances would gravely compromise his standing as a "real" person, and reduce him to the ranks of "the peasants," to whom life is a grim and earnest affair

CINEMA

A simple sun-tan for Mlle. Bardot

by ELSPETH GRANT



"More like a Pekinese than a kitten"—Brigitte Bardot (shown above with Nicholas Perchicot) in *Heaven Fell That Night*!

VIEWED THIS WEEK

"An exquisite young Japanese girl"—newcomer Yoko Tani (below) in *The Wind Cannot Read*, which co-stars Dirk Bogarde



Mlle. BRIGITTE BARDOT, co-starring with Signorina Alida Valli and Mr. Stephen Boyd in *Heaven Fell That Night*!—a sultry film directed by her ex-husband, M. Roger Vadim—is billed as "THE INITIAL SEX KITTEN." Who invented this odd appellation and just what it is supposed to mean, I haven't the slightest idea. Brown-eyed, blonde Mlle. Bardot looks more like a Pekinese to me. Certainly, in moments of doubt, there is nothing in her behaviour to suggest the feline—for whereas a perplexed puss-cat invariably sits down and thoughtfully washes its face, Mlle. Bardot registers dubiety by standing up and stripping off her clothing. The wardrobe department has provided her with some very fetching frillies, but Mlle. Bardot obviously prefers to confront the cruel world in a simple, all-over, honey-coloured sun-tan—exposed in sections under an "X" Certificate.

Mlle. Bardot is invited to spend a holiday in Spain by her aunt, Signorina Valli, the wife of a Spanish count (Señor Pepe Nieto)—a rather beastly gentleman whom nobody loves but his horse. A well-built young adventurer, Mr. Stephen Boyd, is savagely beaten up by the count and tenderly nursed by Signorina Valli and Mlle. Bardot, both of whom find him irresistibly (and to me inexplicably) attractive.

Seeing something that he interprets as desire in Signorina Valli's ice-pale eyes, Mr. Boyd rather overplays his hand: he murders her husband and gives her one night of love in the hope that she will provide him with an alibi when the police come. She does nothing of the kind. Mlle. Bardot, who cannot bear to see Mr. Boyd in handcuffs, rushes to his rescue in her aunt's high-powered car—and when forced to abandon it, the pair spend the rest of the film as fugitives, wandering through the wild and beautiful Spanish landscape (superbly photographed by M. Armand Thirard) in the company of a long-suffering little donkey and an adorable black piglet.

The police catch up with them in the end and Mlle. Bardot is accidentally shot in Mr. Boyd's arms: unfeelingly he lets her body, in which she obviously takes such pride, fall with a horrid thud on the cobbled street—and gives himself up. For rugged nullity, Mr. Boyd would be hard to beat.

There is something lacking in *The Wind Cannot Read* and I have a suspicion that it might be plot. Based on the novel by Mr. Richard Mason, produced by Miss Betty E. Box and directed by Mr. Ralph Thomas, it stars Mr. Dirk Bogarde as a grounded R.A.F. pilot who is sent to Delhi on a Japanese language course. He falls in love with his instructor, Miss Yoko Tani, an exquisite young Japanese girl, whom he secretly marries.

He is posted to the Burma front, is captured by the Japanese, escapes from a P.O.W. camp and makes his way back to

Delhi—to find his wife dying of a cerebral tumour. This is very sad and one is sorry for that pleasant Mr. Bogarde. But where's the conflict which would have given the film substance and significance? Had there been strong and stern objections to the mixed marriage, one would have cared more—but it is only slightly frowned upon by one rank-and-class-conscious Squadron Leader (Mr. Ronald Lewis, giving an admirable performance) and is actually connived at and blessed by a Brigadier (Mr. Anthony Bushell).

Still, whatever you may feel about the way the problem of miscegenation has been ducked, I think you will have no fault to find with the settings: Delhi, Jaipur, the Taj Mahal—there they all are, in Eastman Color, and as pretty as a postcard.

In *Hot Spell*, Miss Shirley Booth, a lovely actress, plays a plump, middle-aged, ever-loving wife and mother who cannot understand why her home, her husband and her children are not as happy as they used to be. She is forever reminding the husband, Mr. Anthony Quinn, of the past: he, stifled by twenty-five years of marriage and responsibility and hating the thought of growing old in the same rut, fiercely concentrates on the future—a future in which he can do as he pleases. As a first step in this direction, he is having an affair.

Miss Booth dimly suspects this. Her three children, Miss Shirley MacLaine and Messrs. Clint Kimbrough and Earl Holliman, are uneasily aware of the situation and embarrassed by it. An atmosphere of strain pervades the house, quarrels develop, tempers are lost and poor Miss Booth makes matters worse by wanting tearfully to "mother" everybody.

Mr. Quinn packs his bag, leaves for Florida with his inamorata and is killed in a car crash. Miss Booth, thus deprived of the husband who had wearied of her, is left with the children who, as she pathetically realizes, have outgrown her. It is not, you will have gathered, a cheerful little piece but the acting, under Mr. Daniel Mann's direction, is excellent all round—with a particularly impressive performance from young Mr. Holliman as a bewildered adolescent.

The beginning of *There's Always A Price Tag*, a thriller based on a novel by Mr. James Hadley Chase, is eminently promising. M. Daniel Gelin, a shabby young fellow, saves the life of Mr. Peter Van Eyck, a drunken financier, who offers him a job as his chauffeur. It soon transpires that Mr. Van Eyck is not only a drunken financier but also a ruined and vindictive one. He tells his wife, Mlle. Michele Morgan, that he intends to commit suicide, and if she wants to collect the insurance she will have to make the suicide look like murder. Bang! He shoots himself and the trouble Mlle. Morgan gets herself and M. Gelin into after that is nobody's business. At least, it's not mine.

BEST-SELLING NOVELISTS

Nicolette Devas (left) is the wife of painter Anthony Devas. Her first book, *Bonfire* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.) was reprinted before publication. The painting of Mrs. Devas is by her husband. Below: Anya Seton, whose *Dragonwyck* and *Katherine* were best-sellers, has written a new historical novel *The Winthrop Woman* (Hodder & Stoughton, 18s.)



Paul Tanqueray



BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Thank heaven for my armchair!

FOR some time now I have suspected myself of highly-developed cowardice when it comes to undertaking yet another book about what happens to people who are subjected to conditions of prolonged and unspeakable hardship. From page to ghastly page I have trekked across deserts, been buried in blockhouses, roasted and frozen and dehydrated, only to discover yet again that when pushed to the utmost limits men become less like men and more like animals. I am then compelled to wonder glumly whether I am merely unfitted for raw life at its starkest, with my corny old belief that there is no point in suffering unless it purges and finally ennobles by pity as well as terror, or whether in fact a great deal of physical and spiritual squalor isn't currently getting the full treatment in fiction for its own sake.

These gloomy and priggish doubts are occasioned by Glendon Swarthout's *They Came to Cordura* (Heinemann, 15s.), a novel about which the publishers are very excited. Its subject is bizarre—a long and terrible trek across Chihuahua undertaken by an officer who knows he is a coward and five cavalry heroes (the time is 1916) who have been

cited for the Medal of Honour and who are struggling to safety in Cordura under his escort; the party also includes one woman. The book is a Book Society choice, has been much praised in America, and is described by the publishers as being about courage, war



Sir Donald Bradman puts forward his theories on how to play cricket in *The Art Of Cricket* (Hodder & Stoughton, 30s.)

and "the qualities that it unchangingly demands." If only I could be sure it wasn't mostly about violence and boils and blisters and rotting guts—but then I am a sissy and by the time I too got to Cordura I was in no shape to feel much about anything at all.

Apart from some references to goat-keeping during the war, there is absolutely no squalor about Angela Thirkell's 25th book, *Close Quarters* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), which is about dear Bassetshire and how the lower orders and foreigners speak funny and how kind Mrs. Parkinson won a washing-machine in the Bring and Buy raffle, all enlivened with jokes and not too difficult culture-references and Mrs. Thirkell's inimitable prose. Some of her digressions are truly surprising, and I was especially taken by one on feet ("It is one of life's little tragedies that the divine feet of babies, so soft and exquisitely rounded, 'les pieds ronds' as our peculiar neighbours the Gauls say when they mean someone is tiddly or has had one over the eight, inevitably turn into the average human foot with all the knobs, corns, whelks and bubukles that civilization brings.")

It seems as though Canon Fewling will

find happiness with his one and only love Margot Phelps, who has lost not only her husband the market gardener but also her father the gallant Admiral, who dies, tired and magnificent, saying the Captain wants him on the bridge. And so we leave the Canon for the moment, probably playing his excellent piano and "rejoicing in the miracle worked by one George Frederick Handel almost two hundred years ago."

If you like great big vibrating historical novels, Catherine Gavin's *Madeleine* (Macmillan, 16s.) moves along at gale force, with the Second Empire, the Empress Eugénie, the Suez Canal, de Lesseps and a good deal of carnage providing a "tremendous panorama" as a background for the love of the beautiful Madeleine d'Arbonne and a passionate Scottish marine engineer. The hero has Calvinist ancestry, but that doesn't hold him back. "And with that laughter on his lips he took her in his arms, white dress, cloak the colour of imperial violets and smooth bare arms, and began to kiss her: first the temples where the bright hair sprang away, then the closed eyes, and then in a sudden frenzy the burning mouth that parted gently underneath his own." The book is based on the life of the author's great-uncle, who must have added a good deal of colour to the P. and O. Line in his time.

I have also read—this is quite a week for women—*The Virgin of Aldermanbury* (Dent, 20s.) by the indefatigable Mrs. Robert Henrey in her own strongly idiosyncratic style and in that sunshine-and-showers, tears-and-laughter, women-are-so-wise tone of voice that is so characteristic and feminine and that you can either like very much or leave quite alone. This book is about the rebuilding of the City of London, and Mrs. Henrey darts about between tenses and buildings and facts and colourful local characters and charming little boys on triecycles. When she comes to the architecture of Fountain House, she observes "One wonders, as one does at Stonehenge, if giants have not been at play." Fans will faithfully wonder right away; sourer, less gaily fanciful readers may wonder instead what makes Mrs. Henrey sugar the pill quite so thickly.

For those who read children's books for personal pleasure as well as in the line of duty, I'd like to recommend something I've only just discovered, in Puffin Books—Mary Norton's *The Borrowers*, which won the Carnegie Medal six years ago and is strange and admirable. It is about a family of microscopic Borrowers, Homily, Pod and Arrietty, who account for all the things you can never find and who live under the floor. I have now bought two copies of this book, since the first vanished—or was Borrowed—within twenty-four hours.

I liked these

TITLES FROM RECENT REVIEWS

GRANITE AND RAINBOW, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press, 18s.); THE ENDLESS COLONADE, by Robert Harling (Chatto & Windus, 15s.); FRANCES ANNE, by Lady Londonderry (Macmillan, 30s.); BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS, by Dr. Robert Jungk (Gollancz, Hart-Davis, 21s.); A WORLD OF STRANGERS, by Nadine Gormer (Gollancz, 16s.); THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES, by Lady Diana Cooper (Hart-Davis, 25s.); STAR ON THE DOOR, by Maggie Teyte (Putnam, 18s.); THE PHANTOM MAJOR, by Virginia Cowles (Collins, 16s.).

Miss Heather Turner Laing

to Mr. David Salmon
She is the daughter of Mrs. Hubert Raphael and the late Commander G. A. Turner Laing. He is the son of the Hon. Sir Cyril Salmon, the High Court judge



Barry Swaeb



Yevonde

Miss Brenda Muriel Seymour to Mr. William Douglas Milsom

She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Seymour, the Mill House, New Mill, Tring, Herts. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Milsom, Red House Farm, Long Marston, Herts

Miss Jillian Summers (right) to Mr. John Leslie Stuart Andrews, R.H.A.

She is the only daughter of Sir Spencer Summers, M.P., & Lady Summers, Thenford House, Banbury. He is the elder son of Major & Mrs. Andrews, Sharpham House, Totnes, Devon



Yevonde

Miss Alexandra MacLeod to Mr. Julian Conway Seymour

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas MacLeod, Pembroke Villas, Edwardes Square, London. He is the son of Major Beauchamp Seymour, of Strouds, Shefford Woodlands, Newbury, Berkshire, & the late Mrs. Seymour



Yevonde



Michael Melman

The "collier" of pale blue moonstones, with iridescent Aurora pear-shaped drops, was worn by Signe Hasso in *The Key of the Door*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is by Jewelfcraft. From Fior, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Price: 6½ gns. The bracelet and earrings *en suite* cost 5½ gns. and £3 9s. 6d. respectively.

What the stars foretell

Fashions on the London stage influence
women in the audience



Erik, the Brook Street milliner, created this hat (above) of white satin topped with black "Bird of Paradise" plumes, after seeing *My Fair Lady*. The diamanté cascade necklet, by Jewelcraft, who made the identical one worn by Miss Julie Andrews in the show, can be bought at Harrods. Price, 4½ gns.

This *suile* of opalescent moonstones is worn in Terence Rattigan's *Variation on a Theme* at the Globe Theatre. It goes with Norman Hartnell's last-Act dress, one of his spectacular designs for Margaret Leighton. Made by Jewelcraft and obtainable at Fenwick's. The necklet costs 4½ gns., the bracelet 4½ gns., the brooch £3 9s. 6d., and the earrings £3 9s. 6d.





Jersey, "giving" to every movement of the body, is the most comfortable fabric for sitting in through the long airborne hours. Also, it retains its shape, as can be seen by this Anny Blatt model (*above*) on arrival after the flight from London to Zurich. This is an ice-blue suit with toning inset of grosgrain. It is also made in stone and coffee. From Lucia, 10b Berkeley St., W.1, and Elizabeth Hinton, Brighton. Price: about 22 gns.

When you open your suitcase you can pull out this yellow linen chemise dress (*left*) ready for wear. Lined throughout with cotton, it is uncrushable. The low waistline gives it a *trompe l'oeil* effect. This recommended traveller, made also in turquoise and navy blue, is at Dickins & Jones. Price: 12 gns.



Michel Molinare

A good companion when it comes to holiday laundry problems is Courtauld's new "Courtelle," a hard-wearing, washable fibre which can be drip-dried. Here it is knitted into a soft, warm jersey fabric for a Dorville suit in an alabaster shade. From W. E. White, Guildford. Price : about 20 gns.

Flying togs that travel

—You can pack them or wear them without a care

FLYING TOGS *continued*

Out of a suitcase, the band-box look



Knitted in a mixture of nylon and cotton (*left*), this permanently pleated dress will withstand any amount of careless packing and usage. It is in forget-me-not blue with collar and armholes edged white. At Woollands, Knightsbridge. (14 gns.)



Michel Molinare

A bloused dress (*centre*) that washes without fuss. It is in a knitted cotton fabric and is imported from Switzerland. The pattern: green spots on a white ground. At Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Price: 8½ gns.

Crease-resistant, this Boussac cotton comes in white spotted with navy (*above*). The chemise line is highly fashion-conscious. This London Town model is at Harvey Nichols Little Shop. Price: 6½ gns.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT ZURICH AIRPORT

Can you sit without creases?

WHEN you try on clothes do you sit down in them? Few women do. Most take good stock of how things look perpendicularly and ignore the horizontal. Yet, even evening clothes have to be sat in—the theatre, at dinner parties, in car in transit—and bad creasing can spoil all the effect of a pretty dress. A fabric that insures against such a disaster is pure natural silk. Creasing is reduced to a minimum and silken fabrics soon “hang out” by themselves.

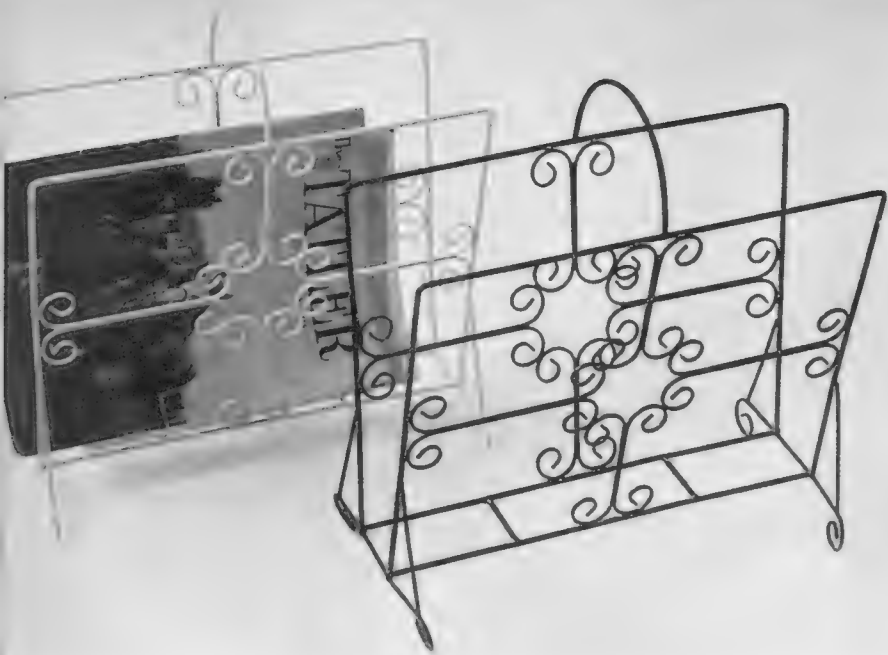
This dress of pure-silk printed chiffon is in a golden yellow. From Rocha of Grafton Street, W.1. Price: 29½ gns. The toning coat is in silk shantung (45 gns.). The small hat worn with the coat is by Miss Fay, also at Rocha

Photographs by
Studio Vanessa

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK







For reading in the garden these light wrought-iron magazine racks, in black or cream, are easily carried outside (29s. 6d. each). Marshall & Snelgrove

THE TATLER
& Bystander
25 June 1958
690



This ice pail, which is made of plastic, is unbreakable. It will keep ice for up to eight hours (£4 12s. 6d.). Fortnum & Mason

SHOPPING

For time out of doors

by JEAN STEELE

The tubular alloy frame of the *Queen Bee* folding armchair weighs only five and a half pounds. Its Tygan waterproof covering will not fade (£4 10s. 6d.). Fortnum & Mason



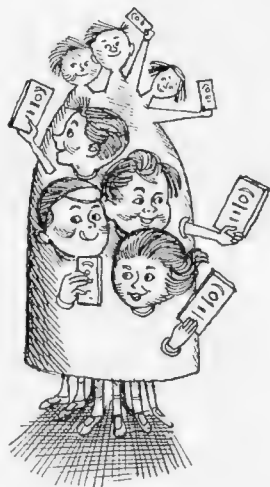
Thermos jugs have new plastic stoppers, adjustable to ensure perfect sealing. The jugs, coloured lemon, pale blue or green, hold 23 fluid ounces (£2 2s. 7d. each). Marshall & Snelgrove



The new *Witney junior-de-luxe* barbecue is collapsible and can be packed away after the picnic (£4 19s.).
Dennis Smith
Fortnum & Mason

Amalgerwocky

("It must be something to do with Guinness getting together with Callard & Bowser," said Alice.)



KIDDIEDROVES

'Twas thrilling, when the toffee coves
Did bowse and callard till, licklipt,
All gleesome were the kiddiedroves,
While the Mumdads upsipt—

Upsipt their Guinness. Gnormous luck!
The taste of both is tip-top notch;
Enjoy the glug-glug glass, or suck
The munchant Butter-Scotch.

Ah, did you mutter Butter-Scotch?
Leave some for us, my beamish boy!
Oh, frabjous day! Callard, callay!
We'll bowser in our joy.



MUMDADS

Issued jointly by

GUINNESS and CALLARD & BOWSER

*Guinness, brewers of stout since 1759, seven years ago
acquired control of Callard & Bowser, makers of fine
Butter-Scotch and other confectionery since 1837.*





This coiffure, *Shaggle*, was designed by Riché for his new Hay Hill salon, called Miss Mayfair, which caters specially for girls under 21



People who like using a face pack to give the looks an uplift—and how right they are—often ask me what is the best kind to use during the hot weather. When the skin is particularly dry, some packs seem to make it drier still, which means that what they gain on the swings they lose on the roundabouts. They will be pleased to hear of a new lanoline cream face pack called “Yeast-Pac” containing vitamin C.

“Yeast-Pac” can be bought in ready-to-use sachets and is the simplest thing in the world to apply. All you have to do is to cut off the end of the sachet and gently squeeze the paste on to your finger tips. Smooth it evenly over your face and neck, and leave until it dries. This usually takes about 15 minutes. Wash it off with cold water and you will find that your skin looks beautifully fresh. It is a good plan to use a “Yeast-Pac” once a week, especially during the hot weather when dust is apt to cling to the skin. It is excellent for drawing impurities out of the pores and leaving them clear and free to breathe.

Lastly some good news for the young from Riché, who has opened a new Miss Mayfair salon on the ground-floor of his Hay Hill salon. Here young people can have their hair cut, shampooed and styled for considerably less than their parents on the floor above.

The new salon, with its gay yellow wall-paper in a contemporary design, and its yellow dryers, is charming. Here and there, little pots of trailing ivy give a touch of green, and the whole effect is as fresh as spring. When I asked Mrs. Riché, who showed me round, who had designed the décor, she said rather shyly: “Well, as a matter of fact I did. I loved doing it, and I chose yellow because it looks like sunshine, which seems so right for the young people.”

An added service given in the Miss Mayfair is that it stays open until late on Thursdays and Fridays, when last appointments can be made as late as 6.30 p.m.

BEAUTY

Saving your skin

by JEAN CLELAND

OF the many scientific discoveries in beauty culture, few have proved more valuable than those preparations for replacing natural moisture in the skin. As the years advance, the skin tends to lose its moisture, and this, in time, causes wrinkles. Moisture preparations provide one of the finest ways of retarding this condition, and keeping the skin soft and supple.

It is with pleasure, then, that I welcome a new “Moisture Make-up” by Yardley. This is a powder base, and the beauty of it is that it not only helps the skin to regain its natural oils and moistures, but gives it a young, smoothed-out look and a fine finish. It comes in five attractive shades—cameo, pearl, peach, honey blush, and Capri.

Beauty news from Paris is that Lancôme's striking new lipstick shade “Tango Rose” is having great success. Created by Lancôme specially for Warner Bros.' film *Sayonara*, it is worn by the star Miiko Taka with such effect that it has immediately caught on with the public. “Tango Rose,” a vivid pink with yellowy tones, is a lovely summer

colour, and it can now be had in this country. So too, can three other new Lancôme shades—*abricot* (apricot) a fascinating soft pink with golden tones, particularly becoming with a tanned skin, *rose nacre* (rose pearl), an unusual shade something like a pinky pearl and very flattering to women with grey or white hair, *glaioul* (gladioli), a gay and brilliant pink, especially lovely for young girls. This again has yellowy tones in it, which give it the right look for sunshine and summer tan.

Something else you would do well to remember when going away—especially if you are going to sun-bathe—is a tube of Lancôme's “Nutrix.” It can also be had in a jar for home use, but for going away the tube is easier to carry. “Nutrix” is not just a face cream, it has properties that help to rejuvenate the skin when it is tired and out of condition. It is also a wonderfully soothing balm for a skin that has been dried up by the sun and become a trifle scorched. To have it with you on holiday is a form of insurance.

Sun-tan in
safety with...

GLACIER CREAM



Why endure the discomfort of sunburn? Glacier Cream supplies a protective film which filters out the 'burning' rays of the sun and allows the safe, non-burning rays to reach the skin, where they gently stimulate natural tanning. It is practically invisible after application and can be used as a foundation cream under powder and lipstick. Glacier Cream Green Label (for altitudes below 6,000 feet) is obtainable from most chemists. Price 2/9d. per tube.



also Glacier Cream Red Label

... as used on Mount Everest and on the Antarctic Expedition ... recommended for use at altitudes exceeding 6,000 feet and in severe conditions; 3/10d. per tube.



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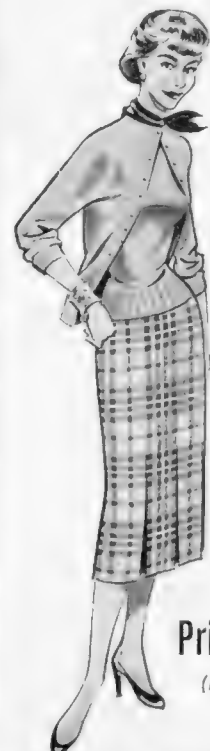
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Miss Sally Croker-Poole and
Mr. Philip de Laszlo



Miss Georgina Milner, a débutante,
with Mr. Fergus Graham



Left to right: Mr. Paul Goudime, Miss Alexandra Goudime,
Mr. Paul Goudime, her brother, and Mrs. Paul Goudime

Mr. John Fuller, of the Life
Guards, and Miss Alexandra
Bridgewater



Mr. Alastair Colvin with Miss
Sarah Bowater, daughter of Sir
Eric Bowater



A coming-out party

Mrs. Paul Goudime gave a dance at Chertsey for her attractive débutante daughter Miss Alexandra Goudime (who was wearing pale blue organza), and for the coming-of-age of her son Mr. Paul Goudime. This was a beautifully arranged occasion with supper tables and chairs arranged on the covered-in, paved terrace. From here steps banked with flowers led down to an exceptionally pretty pale blue and white lined marquee, also with flowers around the sides, where dancing took place. There was dancing, too, in the smaller candlelit orchard room in the house, which had been arranged like a little night club with check table-cloths. And, around 1 a.m., fireworks were set off in the tennis court in a brilliant display.

A large number of débutantes were present, and a few older girls. Among the latter were the Hon. Janet Hamilton in red, the Hon. Clare Dixon, who is working in London for the summer after a lovely trip to South Africa, and Miss Felicity Hall. Many hostesses gave dinner parties for the dance, among them Lady Hamilton of Dalzell who was at the dance with Lord Hamilton, Mr. & Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott, the Hon. Lady Bellew, Mr. & Mrs. Aubrey Burke, Mr. & Mrs. Harold Huth, Mrs. Longland, whose daughter Sabrina looked nice in red, Lady Mary Boscawen, Mrs. Eric Dugdale, Mrs. Clare O'Rorke, Mrs. Stephen Player, Mr. & Mrs. John Hall and the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Villiers.

OUTSTANDING for antiquity is the pedigree of the head of the Lumley family, the Earl of Scarbrough, who is Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household. As early as the reign of Henry I mention is made of a Robert de Lumleie, who was a witness to a charter of Bishop Geoffrey Rufus of Durham about 1133.

The family name is derived from Lumley-on-the-Weare, in the Bishopric of Durham. It is possible that the family is of Saxon origin, but it is certain that the Lumleys were seated at Lumley for many generations before their connected pedigree begins with Sir William de Lumley before 1250. In early days several marriages with heiresses are mentioned in the pedigree, and one of these produced the coat-of-arms of the Lumleys. In the middle of the 14th century, Sir Marmaduke de Lumley assumed the arms of the ancient house of Thweng, into which his father had intermarried. These arms show the familiar three parrots associated with Lumley. The original Lumley arms are said to have contained six parrots, so that the change made in adopting Thweng arms was certainly an ornithological economy.

In many reigns the Lumleys have been prominent in the affairs of state. The first of them to hold a peerage was Sir Ralph de Lumley. After standing high in the favour of Richard II, he fell into rebellion and was slain in battle. His son was restored to his father's lands and honours, but was killed fighting the French at the battle of Beauge in 1421. The family barony went through several periods of attainder and restoration as the loyalties or the fortunes of the Lumleys changed. The 6th Lord Lumley had the temerity to cross Henry VIII's path, but he managed to die a natural death. His only son was executed, however, and the 6th Lord Lumley was succeeded by his grandson. The latter was one of the judges of Mary Queen of Scots, but when he died his ancient barony expired for want of direct heirs. The Lumley estates passed to his kinsman, who was created Viscount Lumley, and who was unalterably loyal to Charles I during all the latter's troubles. Since then in each reign the family has added to its lustre and its honours. The earldom of Scarbrough dates from 1690. The motto—*Murus aeneus conscientia saxa* (a good conscience is a brazen wall—of defence) is appropriate.

FAMILY TREES — 5

The Lord Chamberlain

by L. G. PINE



A. V. Swaebø

RECORDS

Here comes the flute

by GERALD LASCELLES

THE TRUMPET long predominated as the front-line solo instrument in jazz—a perpetuation from traditional New Orleans days. Its position has wavered in recent years in favour of saxophone soloists, but appears once again to be in the ascendant. The saxophone family has been in jazz from the early 1920s, initially as a section rather than as solo instruments. It needed the fabulous Coleman Hawkins to introduce the tenor saxophone as a solo voice under the aegis of that great band-leader Fletcher Henderson, who later became one of Benny Goodman's right-hand men.

The clarinet long enjoyed solo prominence, at first in the hands of the great stylists who developed along individual lines in the traditional context. Johnny Dodds, Edmund Hall and George Lewis, not to mention Albert Nicholas and Sidney Bechet, have all contributed notably to the idiom in which they reigned supreme. Likewise, the work of Rappallo, Cless, Wittwer, and recently Wilber the Dixieland field has left its stamp on the transitional period when jazz moved from campus to concert hall.

The "King of Swing" was Benny Goodman, the first of the internationally publicised jazz deities. He started young, learned fast, and played Chicago jazz with infinite ease. While in Chicago he used to hear Dodds and other coloured clarinetists of repute; he borrowed something from their ideas, but developed a style and technique, the latter mostly orthodox in origin, which took him to a position as star soloist in front of a near-fabulous band. His scrupulous attention to detail, both in his own work and that of his band, brought him to the top of his profession, and numerous examples of his recorded work bear testimony to his prowess and innate jazz sense. Today the clarinet is on the decline, perhaps because the newcomers have been scared away from assaulting Goodman's unassailable heights. At least the field of soloists has been narrowed down to Buddy de Franco, a near-copyist of Goodman's originality, and a handful of efficient men such as Peanuts Hucko, Tony Scott and Aaron Sachs.

What has displaced the clarinet in the solo aspect of jazz? I would suggest the flute, expounded by such erudite gentlemen as Bud Shank, Frank Wess, and Buddy Collette. Their approach is entirely modern, and their bird-like tones match well the thin screeches favoured by the modern saxophone-players. I do not entirely approve this intrusion by such a non-jazz instrument—it is hopelessly out of balance with the rest of the basically conventional front line of trumpet, alto, tenor, and trombone. I only know of one instance where jazz is played on the oboe, and most people admit that the French horn, despite its deliciously mellow tone, is a poor substitute for the trombone in jazz-groups owing to its unwieldy range.

The pursuit of new sounds can be irresistible, and I do not decry the attempts of contemporary jazzmen to achieve such effects. My fear is that their diversionary activities will destroy the character of jazz, removing the robust element which has so long been a vital part of the music, to replace it with an over-sophisticated version. My record choices this week are directed towards the interpretation of jazz by flautists and other slightly extraneous instrumentalists!

Selected Records

- JAZZ AT CAL-TECH (Bud Shank, *flute*; Bob Cooper, *oboe*). 12-in. L.P., Vogue LAE12095. £1 18s. 3d.
 HANK JONES QUARTET (Bobby Jaspar, *flute*). London LTZ-C15118, 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.
 SPECS POWELL & CO. (George Dorsey, *flute*). Columbia 33SX1083, 12-in. L.P. £1 15s. 10d.
 JAZZ STUDIO SIX (David Amram, *flute*; French horn; tuben). 12-in. L.P. Brunswick LAT8239. £1 17s. 6½d.
 THE JAZZPICKERS (Buddy Collette, *flute*; Harry Babasin, *cello*). 12-in. L.P. Emarcy EJJ1265. £1 15s. 10d.
 RED NORVO AD LIB (Buddy Collette, *flute*). 12-in. L.P., London LTZ-D15116. £1 17s. 6½d.

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 THE TATLER, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, WC2
 or telephone Temple Bar 5444

The Alfa Giulietta T.I. (left). "There is no English small saloon car like it," writes Gordon Wilkins this week. Right: The new Alfa-Romeo 2000, coming on to the market shortly

MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

When in Rome, drive as the Romans do?

WE WERE spending a few days in Rome. "And what," asked my companion "is that ruin over there?" "Oh," said our guide uncomfortably, "that's a bomb ruin from the last war."

When the Allied armies were fighting the bitter, frustrating campaign to liberate Italy, the bombing of military targets on the outskirts of Rome was hotly debated, but now it is difficult to distinguish the ruins of a dozen years ago from those of 2,000 years back. And, given time, I daresay they will all rank for preservation with the same care.

Rome by night in the light of floodlights is enchanting, but by day the doubts arise. Is it necessary to leave a shapeless fragment of antique stonework jutting out of the wall of a modern building to imperil passers-by? Is it worth laboriously reconstructing an arch or a corner of a temple in modern materials in order to set into it a few fragments of the original like bits from a lost jigsaw puzzle? Would it not be better to put more effort into ensuring that what we build today will be equally worth preserving in the future?

Rome's traffic problem is not yet as acute as those of other Western capitals, but I can think of one or two venerable weed-grown sites that will make good car parks when the time comes.

From Rome I was driven across the Appenines to the Adriatic by an Italian friend in an Alfa Giulietta T.I. saloon. The road was the route of the Mille Miglia in reverse and he drove as if we were taking part in the race. He had wind horns of unbelievable shrillness—I expected their supersonic vibrations to bore holes in all that lay in our path—and he sounded them at intervals of approximately five seconds. For half an hour at a time the road would be a non-stop succession of corners writhing, twisting and turning like the vipers we occasionally saw, slithering across the sun-baked highway. The landscape revolved round us like a mad kaleidoscope. I glimpsed startled faces and white knuckles on steering wheels; fists waved and people shouted.

Uphill we sped at 6,000 r.p.m. in second and third gears, and downhill we hurtled, leaving the braking to the last possible moment. Slithering this way and that on the bench type seat, bracing myself numbly against the braking and stiffening my neck muscles as my head was shot backwards by

the acceleration, I struggled to think clearly. How could I minimize my injuries in the crash that seemed inevitable? There was no grab handle; the fascia was a smooth expanse with nothing to hold on to.

At last my friend perceived my distress (it had probably been brought to his notice when I cannoned helplessly into him on two right hand corners in succession). He took his hand off the horn-ring long enough to point upwards. There was salvation: a handle in the roof! Silly of me not to have thought of it.

Once or twice as we took a blind corner with horns screeching and tyres screaming, we came face to face with a couple of carabinieri. "At last," I thought, "we shall be arrested and I can relax in a nice, cool, quiet cell." But they only smiled indulgently and waved us on.

My companion, though driving with fierce concentration, found time to point out the features of the landscape. We slid to within inches of a ruined building leaning backwards from the road at a crazy angle. A relic of some previous misjudgment perhaps? No! "An old Roman temple," he said. "A spring started up inside it years ago and it's been subsiding ever since." We pirouetted perilously on a corner over a sheer drop. "A jeep went over this with four men on board during the war," he said casually.

I had my revenge when I was driving on the return journey. I did not care to rely so much on the speed of other drivers' reflexes, but I had one asset; I know how to drive in the British manner, without sounding the horn. So we went shuddering into tight corners with no sound save the squeal of tyres and the snarl of a fast revving engine. The floor flexed and veins stood out in his neck as my friend stood on imaginary brake pedals. He suggested, he hinted and finally he implored me to sound the horn. And after I had dispersed a political meeting and swerved sharply to avoid bagging a brace of carabinieri I had to concede his point. In Italy, especially in the centre and south, people assume it is safe to stand in the middle of the road unless they hear a loud horn.

There will be people who will be glad that we in England have no drivers like the Italians and no roads like their mountain highways; but unfortunately we also have not a single small saloon car that holds the road and takes corners like the Alfa Giulietta T.I. The car is a product of its environment, at least

in its mechanical design. It has the high-compression twin-camshaft engine and the finned aluminium brakes of the Giulietta Sprint coupé fitted in the ordinary saloon, modified with new rear wings and different tail-lamps. And Pirelli, accepting the inevitable, have produced tyres with treads which extend over the shoulders and on to the side walls.

Its body is nothing like the Italian coachwork that the world admires. Park it alongside a Ford Anglia and you would say the Ford was the low-built sports saloon and the Alfa the high-built utility model. One has the impression that the manufacturers were more interested in the mechanism than in the bodywork. The twin-camshaft 1,290 c.c. engine, revving to over 6,000 r.p.m., sends it tearing away up to 95 m.p.h.; its four-speed gearbox has ratios ideally chosen for mountain climbing or fast overtaking. And the brakes (British Girling with special finned aluminium drums) are probably the best on any small saloon today.

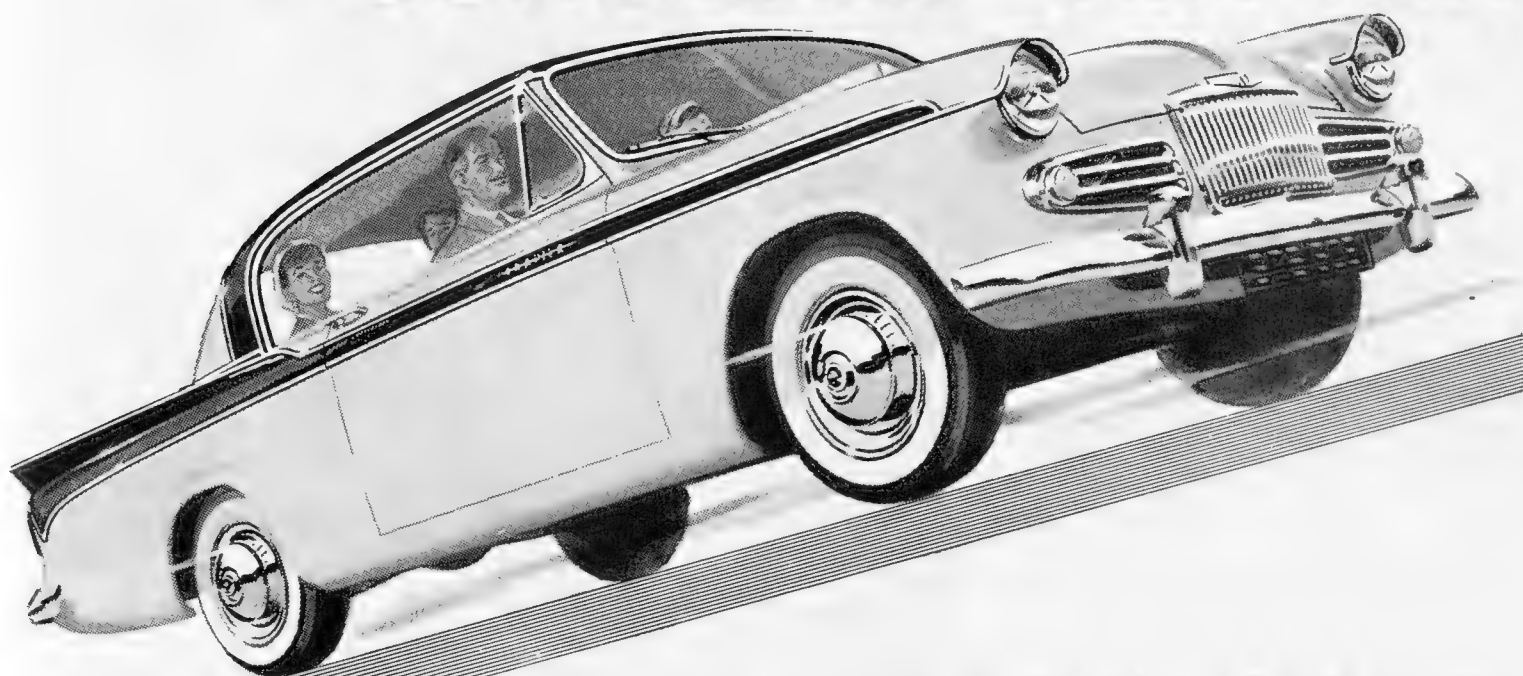
If you want beauty too, there are the Bertone Sprint coupé, the Pinin Farina short-chassis roadster or the Bertone Sprint Spinta streamliner. Friends of mine who own the coupés seem to find the running costs higher than those of, say, a Porsche, but the lines, the finish and the performance, make them hard to resist in countries which do not have a 33½ per cent import duty combined with a 60 per cent purchase tax.

Another Alfa-Romeo which should be appearing before long is the new 2,000. The standard body is a five-seater saloon, much more elegant than the Giulietta and beautifully finished. It inherits the 1,975 c.c. four-cylinder engine of the Alfa-Romeo 1,900 but has a new five-speed gearbox with geared-up top acting as an overdrive. I expected it to be rather underpowered but when I tried one of the first production batch I was pleasantly surprised at the smoothness and quietness of the engine and its lively performance. One does have to use the gears fairly freely to get the best out of it, but all gears are synchronized and the steering-column gear-shift seemed unusually precise despite the complication caused by five speeds.

I saw a speedometer reading of 90 in fourth gear before changing up and it handles almost like a Giulietta. Details I liked were the pedal which works wipers and screen-spray, the demister ducts for the side windows and the beautiful tool kit in the luggage trunk. Prohibitively priced in England at present, it is one of the cars which are coming within reach of a wider public through the Common Market and might come within our orbit if the Free Trade Area develops. We, in turn, have several cars which the Italians are anxious to buy.



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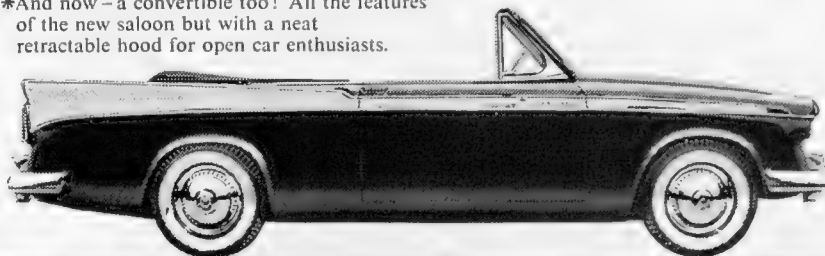
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DINING OUT

Dinner is served — for 900!

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

SERVING a dinner of any quality for over 900 people in one enormous hall at one time is to my mind a fearful undertaking. To be able to serve a first-class banquet to so many is an achievement. Nobody can handle such an affair better than the Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane. I recently attended a function of this sort and I wondered how many, given a list of a dozen of the people at the top table, could guess who had sponsored the banquet or what was its purpose.

I will select a few at random: The Right Reverend Monseigneur George Craven, M.C., Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster; The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Parker; Sir Edwin McCarthy, C.B.E., Deputy High Commissioner for Australia; Brigadier L. M. Campbell, V.C.; Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; the French Ambassador; the Lord Mayor; the Spanish Ambassador; the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa; and the chairman of the Board of Customs & Excise.

The clue to the situation lay in the fact that among the remaining 26 people at the table were The Hon. Laurence Fiennes, Master of the Worshipful Company of Vintners, Lt.-Col. A. M. Scott, Master of the Worshipful Company of Distillers, F. R. Palengat, chairman of the Wine & Spirit Association of Great Britain, and J. W. Mahoney, LL.B., B.COM., secretary of the Wine & Spirit Association.

It was, in fact, the annual banquet of the Wine & Spirit Trades' Benevolent Society. I was the guest of George Short, a director of my "local," the Wimbledon Hill Hotel, which itself specializes in serving banquets for anything up to 200 people.

The loyal toasts and that of "The Guests" were proposed by the President, Monsieur Jacques Calvet, chairman of Calvet & Cie, famous for their cellars in Bordeaux and Burgundy.

He explained that in the long history of the society only four Frenchmen had been honoured with the position of president, the first being his father, Jean Calvet, in 1908, exactly 50 years before.

I was interested to see what sort of menu and what sort of wines to go with it would be selected by the dining committee of a society full of such experts in the matter, taking into consideration that to keep the price within reasonable limits was important. This was it.

Aperitif for the reception, Amontillado Fino (R. C. Ivison), Mœt & Chandon Première Cuvée, Non-Vintage. Amontillado Medium Dry (Geo. G. Sandeman, Sons & Co. Ltd.) with *La Crème Vichissoise Frappé*; Meursault 1952 (Liger-Belair) with *Le Suprême de Sole à l'Américaine*; Kreuznacher St. Martin, Riesling Spatlese, 1953 (Siehel & Co.), and Chateau Lynch Bages, Pauillac 1945 (J. Calvet & Cie) with *L'Escalope de Veau Panée Sautée aux Fines Herbes*; Lanson Extra Quality 1947 with *Les Cerises Jubilées*, *Le Parfait Glacé Vanille* and *La Tartelette Vendôme*; finishing up with Dow's 1927 Port and Delamain & Co., Grande Champagne 1906 Cognac.

The management are to be congratulated. So are the diners, who raised £12,000 for the charity.



Experts savour the quality of a glass of port wine. Left to right: M. Andre Simon, Mrs. Gena Mackinnon, chairman of the Drambuie Liqueur Co. Ltd., Senhor Luiz de Vasconcellos Porto, a leading Portuguese wine exporter, and Mr. A. J. B. Rutherford, of Rutherford, Osborne & Perkin Ltd. Senhor Porto hopes to popularize chilled white port as an aperitif



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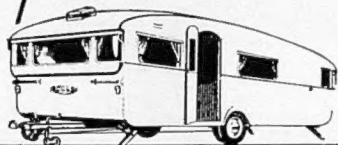
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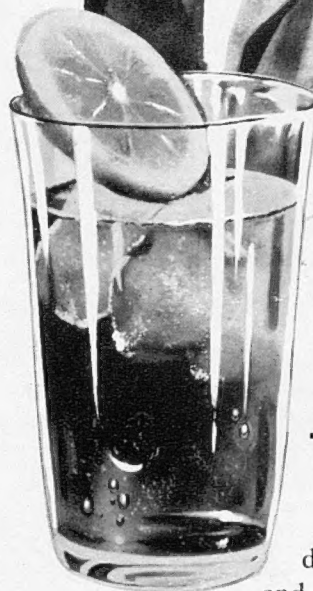
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DINING IN

Raspberries all the year round

by HELEN BURKE



BECAUSE they travel so badly, raspberries, which should be coming along soon now, have become almost confined to rural districts or the back garden. What rewarding soft fruit they are! Generally they are more flavoursome than their sturdier rivals, strawberries—and how much easier to grow. Provided that the soil is right and their “feet are kept really moist,” they will become almost a weed. Indeed, I remember the time, each year, when my father threatened to have the “weeds” torn out, because there was no keeping them in order.

Bottled raspberries are delicious and, if they are not over-processed, come nearer to their uncooked flavour than any other berry fruit. If you have them growing in your garden, the ideal way to deal with them is to pick them straight into the jars in which they will be sterilized. There is then no bruising. If they are allowed to rest in the jars for an hour or two, they will subside a little and the berries from one jar can be used to fill up other jars.

Many years ago, I worked out a method of bottling raspberries, picked straight from their canes and, while it never let me down,

I am fully aware that it is not to be found in any cookery book.

Have ready the sterilizer (a saucepan or fish kettle or any other vessel large enough to take the jars filled with the raspberries) three-quarters filled with water heated to a temperature of 190 degrees Fahr. Make a syrup in the proportions of 8 oz. sugar to 1 pint water. Dissolve the sugar in the water over a low heat and then boil for $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Partly fill up the jars with the boiling syrup. Stand them in the hot-water bath and fill up with the syrup. Add more hot water to reach up to the necks of the jars, cover and give them 10 minutes at the original temperature.

When the jars are removed, slip a stainless steel knife down the side of each to draw up any air bubbles, then top up with further boiling syrup. Seal the jars and store them in a cool, dark cupboard.

What a boon even a few jars of bottled raspberries are for any number of sweets or just as themselves in the winter months!

Raspberry ice-cream is a dream, so fresh and so rich, but it calls for a refrigerator or, better still, an electric ice-cream-maker which

fits into the refrigerator and expands the mixture by agitating it during its freezing. These ice-cream-makers will make true ice-cream in the evaporator of the refrigerator provided there is enough space to accommodate the appliance.

Start with 2 oz. sugar in a small saucepan. Add a dessertspoon or so of water and slowly dissolve the sugar over a low heat. Without stirring, which could turn the syrup into a rocky mixture, boil for about 3 minutes when a little, dropped from the tip of a teaspoon, forms a thread.

Have ready whipped the yolks of 2 large eggs. Pour the syrup into them in a thin, steady stream, whipping furiously until all has been added. Continue to whisk until the mixture becomes thick. Add and beat in 7 generous ounces of raspberry purée—fresh raspberries which have been rubbed through a sieve fine enough to catch the pips. Next, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream and a drop or two of cochineal to colour the mixture well.

If you have one of these ice-cream-making machines, turn the mixture into it, set the machine in motion, place it in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator (turned to its coldest point) and leave for 2 hours. If you have no machine, whip the mixture until it thickens enough for the whisk, when drawn through it, to leave a trail. Turn it into an ice tray and freeze.

Make a raspberry sauce to serve with the ice-cream: Simmer together $\frac{1}{2}$ pint raspberry juice and 3 to 4 cubes of sugar. Add to this syrup 2 tablespoons of port wine or Madeira. Pass the hot sauce separately.

Whipped cream could also be added.

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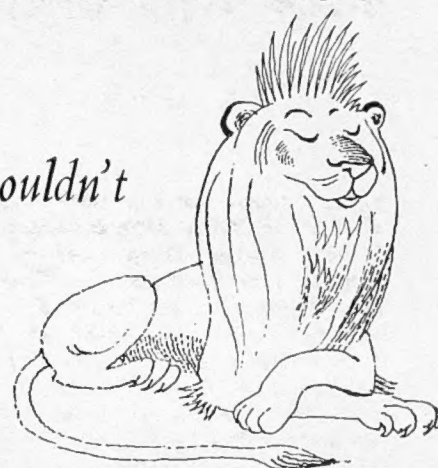


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The lion
who wouldn't
tell



ONCE UPON A TIME there lived in the great wide forest—a lion. He was a very proud and handsome lion. He had good reason to be proud because he had lived in the forest a long time and had helped to make it the very great, wide forest it was.

But although the lion knew a great deal about the running of the forest, he didn't talk much about it. He sat in the Council of Beasts, and let his Experience, his Achievements and his Wisdom speak for themselves. At a hint of praise he would shake his mane modestly and stalk back home, where his wife took him pleasantly for granted and he could play happy games of "Great Understatement" with his cubs.

But, one day, when the lion stalked modestly home from the Council of Beasts, he found his cubs playing their own game. When he called to them to follow him, they wouldn't listen!

Now, the lion had always had it very much his own way, and this revolt was a Painful Surprise. His older cubs moving off and setting up house for themselves was one thing, but dissent in his own cave quite another. He looked to his lioness for support, but she only yawned.

"Women are unpredictable. Cubs must learn the hard way I suppose" growled the lion, stalking off to restore his self-esteem at the Council of Beasts.

But although the animals all recognised him, he was Absolutely Astounded to find that they weren't quite sure what he was doing there.

"After all I've done!" huffed the lion. "Don't these animals Remember?"

Now, when an animal is perplexed in the great wide forest, he goes to the grapevine. The grapevine knows Everything about the great wide forest because it repeats what's in the wind, and the wind is Everywhere.

So the lion went and sat under the grapevine and listened. But he didn't hear any good of himself. He didn't hear anything about himself at all! He heard plenty about the doings of all the other animals in the forest. But not a whisper about his Achievements. Not a rustle on his Experience. Not a murmur of his Wisdom.

"This won't do" thought the lion. "I'm part of this great wide forest. I've lived and walked in it for a long time. It needs me and I need it."

So he shyly whispered a few Home Truths about himself. And the wind picked them up, rustled them down the grapevine and into his cave.

Then the lion stated some Hard Facts about himself. And the wind took his words through the grapevine and spread them around the forest.

Finally, the lion murmured his Hopes for the Future, and the wind sighed over the grapevine and wafted them among the Council of Beasts.

All the lion's whispered words were made bold by the grapevine, who has always been the best publicity agent for what's in the wind.

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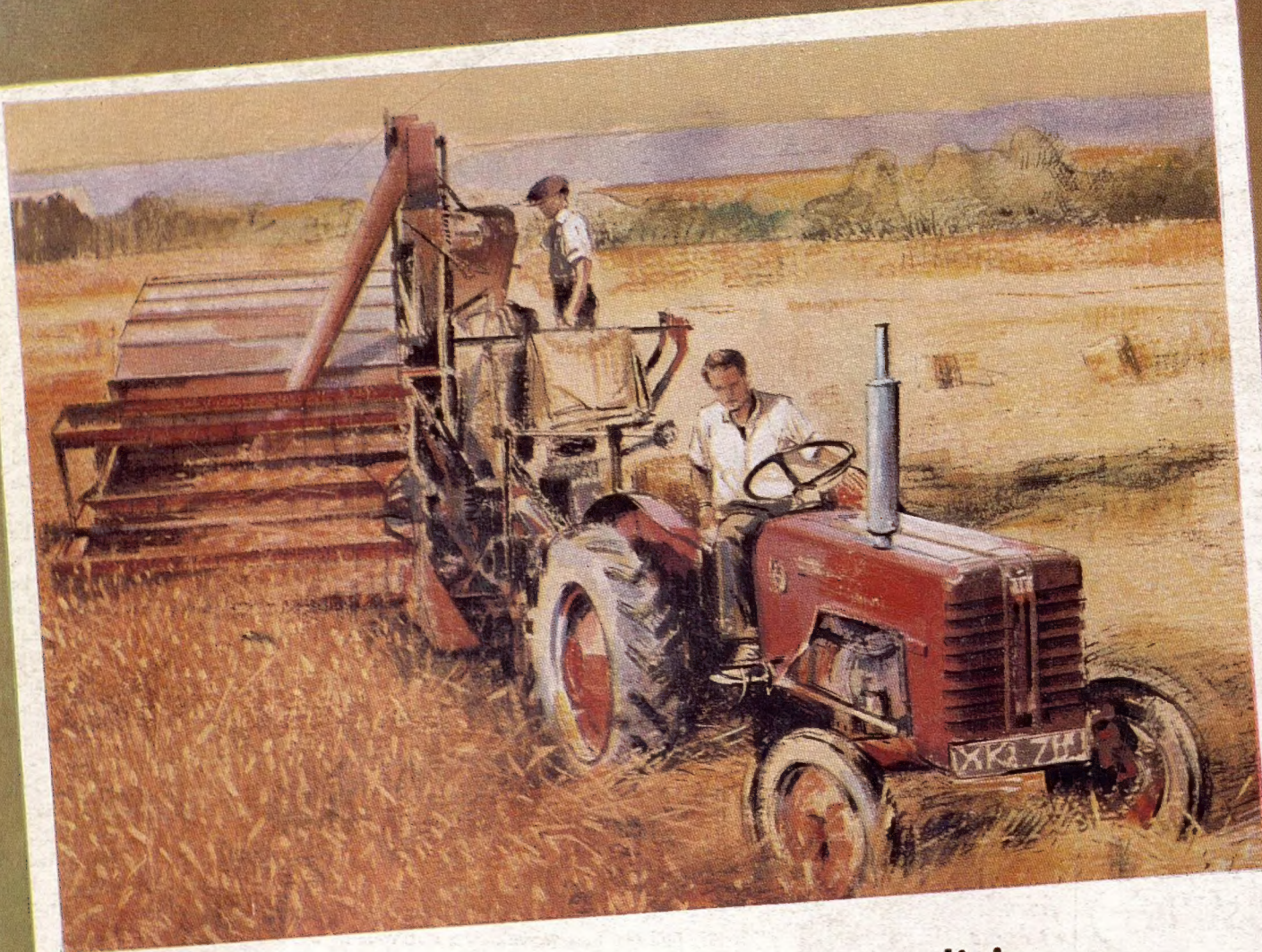


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